

# The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

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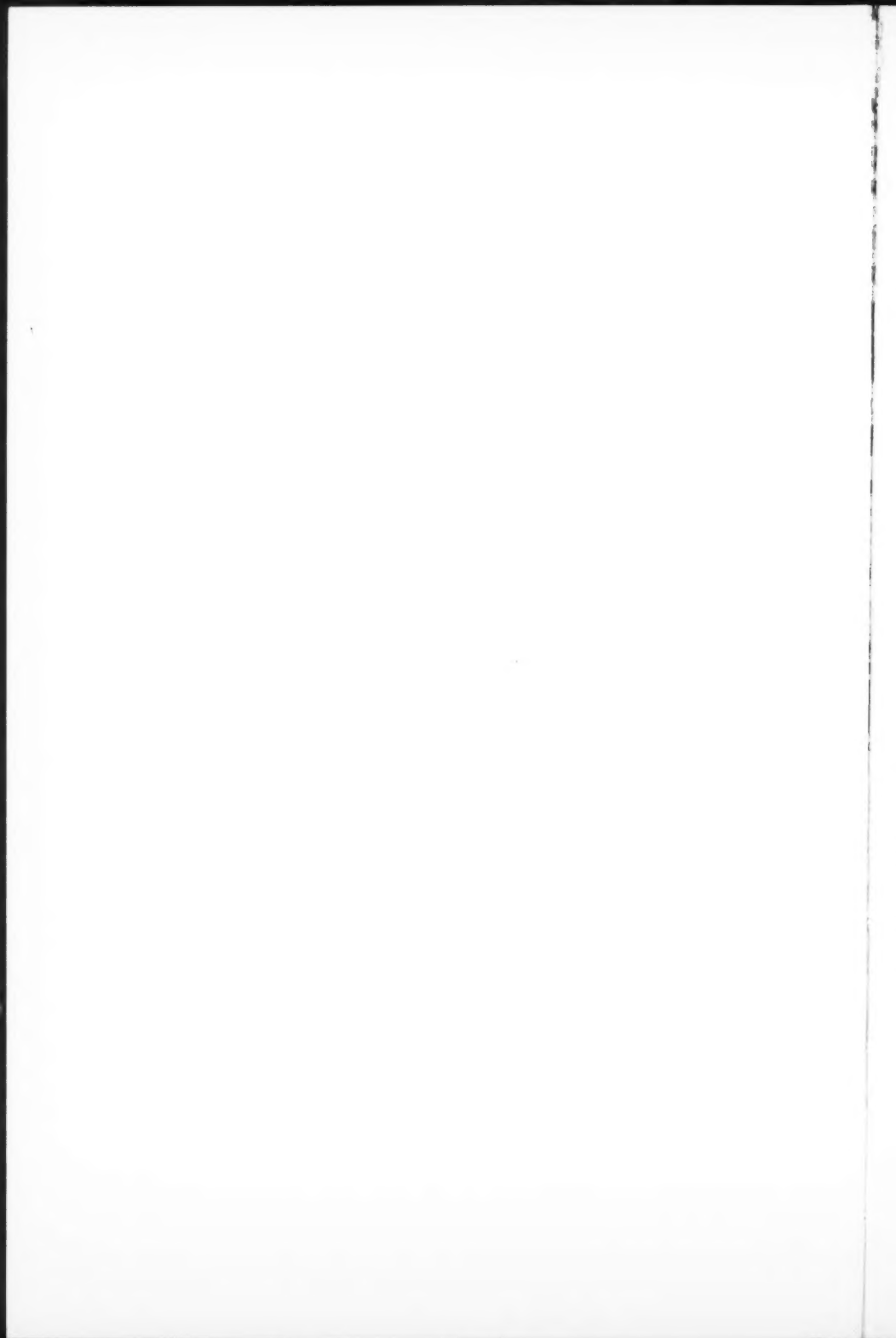
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President Wilson's Smuggling Committee

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AUTUMN, 1956



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COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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Brian Elliott—Australia Touches the Tape

Zena Hunter—Letters from Burma

Samuel Yellen—Saturn Has the Power (story)

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# The Colorado Quarterly

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(Continued on page 224)

# The playwright and the atomic world

ARTHUR MILLER

I obviously can have no special competence in the field of foreign policy. I only know what I read in the papers and the fact that I am a creative writer does not make my opinions either wiser or more persuasive than those of any other man. But it seems to me that there might be some good purpose in one of my professions expressing himself on this kind of problem. A certain awareness of attitudes outside our borders has been forced on me over the past ten years. My plays are regularly produced on the stages of Europe, Asia, Australia, and other areas. I have not traveled extensively abroad for some seven years now, but I do receive a steady mail from artists, producers, and audiences in foreign countries; there are visits and a steady correspondence with them and frequent newspaper reviews and articles concerning my work.

From all these sources I have a certain group of impressions, especially of Europe, which have at least one rather unusual basis, namely, the comparative foreign reaction to works written for the American audience.

Through these varying reactions to the same object, national attitudes can be examined in a perspective less turbulent and possibly of more lasting truth than purely political studies will elicit. In a theatre, people are themselves; they come of their own volition; they accept or reject, are moved or left cold not by virtue of reason alone or of emotion alone, but as whole human beings.

A communion through art is therefore unusually complete; it can be a most reliable indication of a fundamental unity; and an inability to commune through art is, I think, a stern indication that cultures have not yet arrived at a genuine common ground. Had there been no Flaubert, no Zola, no Proust, de Maupassant, Stendhal, Balzac, Dumas; had there been no Mark Twain, or Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner, or the numerous other American artists of the first rank, our conviction of essential union with France and of France with us would rest

upon the assurances of the two Departments of State and the impressions of tourists. I think that had there been no Tolstoy, no Gogol, no Turgenev, no Chekhov or Dostoevsky, we should have no assurance at all nor any faint hope that the Russian heart was even ultimately comprehensible to us. Just recently the new government of Ceylon which has just replaced the avowedly pro-British, pro-American regime, was and is still thought to be anti-American. The program is to nationalize foreign-owned plantations and for the first time in history they will exchange Ambassadors with Moscow and Peking. The Prime Minister, an Oxford graduate, took pains to correct the idea he was anti-Western. He said, "How could I be against a country that produced Mark Twain?"

There is more than a literary appreciation behind this remark, I think. Literature of the first rank is a kind of international signaling service, telling all who can read that wherever that distant blinker is shining live men of a common civilization.

Now, at the outset, I want to make clear that I disagree with those who believe the United States has entirely failed in its foreign policy since the close of World War II. But I think that the values this country has stood for in the past, more than in the present, have helped to keep alive a promise of a democratic future for the world. I do not believe, however, that our policy has stopped communism. I think that our armament has been a deterrent. But that is all. A policy of merely deterring anything is negative. I believe the time is upon us, and has been for some time now, when an entirely new approach has to be taken to the whole problem of what the future is to be. I base this upon the assumption that the atomic and armament statement is an historic fact which will remain for an indefinite period. In short, the policy was justified, if it was at all, on the basis of an imminence of war. I am proceeding on the ground that there will not be a war and cannot be. I summarize these conclusions at the outset so that the criticisms I may level now will be taken as they are intended—as guides to a positive foreign policy, and not an exercise in sarcasm. For good or ill, what the government has done in the world we have done; equally, what it will do in the future must represent, more than ever before, the real feelings and the judgments of the people. My quarrel, in fact, is that our policy

has ceased to reflect the positive quality of the American people, and rests basically on their fears, both real and imaginary. We are much more than our fears, but the world does not often know that. And now to certain observations from my experience as a dramatist.

To begin with, I have often been struck, in foreign reviews of my plays, by the distinct difference in the foreign critic's attitudes toward meaning in a play, toward the theatre as an institution. Here our critics and most of the people in our audiences are pragmatists. As in our scientific tradition, our industrial tradition, in most of the things we do, we are almost wholly absorbed by the immediate impact of an idea or an invention. A thing is judged almost exclusively by whether it works, or pays, or is popular. In the scientific fields, my understanding is that this has been both an advantage and a liability, because our traditionally meager interest in theoretical, pure science has held back our scientific advance. At the same time, of course, our concentration upon practical, applied science has helped to give us a highly developed industry and a profusion of consumers' goods. The roster of those scientists who developed the atomic bomb is, as we know, very heavily weighted with foreign names, for this was a child of pure research. The opposing emphasis here and abroad is probably accounted for by the smallness of the European market for the products of applied science, for one thing. From this lack they have in this case made a virtue. But the irony remains that despite our enormous scientific establishment and our admitted superiority in many applied fields, there is evidently an impression abroad, founded until recently on fact, that we have little intellectual interest in science. I believe there is now a consciousness here of that need which is long past due.

In the field of the drama the same sort of irony prevails, and I think its operating principle has a certain effect upon a rather wide sector of European opinion. On the one hand, one feels the European writer, the critic, and from my mail the audience too, are more interested in the philosophic, moral and principled values of the play than we are. One senses that they rather look askance at our lack of interest in these matters, and I often think that for this among other reasons they so often regard us as essentially a people without seriousness. The truth is that while

our plays move much more rapidly than theirs do, are less likely to dwell on long conversations woven around piquant paradox and observation for its own sake; and while they strive more to be actions than thoughts, it is often admitted that if there is a leadership in the contemporary play since the Second World War, at least in terms of international public appeal, America has it. Put simply, we write plays for people and not for professors or philosophers; the people abroad accept and love many of our plays, and in some cases, even the philosophers do too. The point I would make here is that without any special consciousness of the attempt, we have created in the past few decades a kind of American dramatic style. We have also created an American movie style, an American style of dress, and probably architecture, and a style of shopping, and a style of comic books, and a style of novel writing and popular music—in a word, we have spontaneously created methods of reaching the great mass of the people whose effectiveness and exportability, if one may use an ugly word, are not equalled anywhere else.

This has had a multiple effect and it is not easy to separate the good from the bad. But I know, for instance, that there is great resentment among thinking people in Europe at the inroads made by *Reader's Digest* and comic books. One finds Dick Tracy all over the place. As a result of this particular kind of export, we are unwittingly feeding the idea that we incline ever so slightly to the moronic. The idea, for instance, of publishing an abridged novel is barbaric to them, and I'm not sure they're wrong. At the same time, however, our best writers are in many cases their secret or admitted models.

It is time to interject here some word about the importance of what is vaguely called culture in our foreign relations, a matter to which our government, to put it gently, is stupendously indifferent. In 1950 I was interviewed by the press in Copenhagen. It was an entirely literary interview. But when the reporters had left, one man stayed behind. Unlike the others who were of an intellectual sort, he wanted to know where I lived, what sort of a house, whether I played with my children, owned a car, dressed for dinner, and so forth. He turned out to have been from a tabloid paper which was read mainly by what he termed shopgirls. Now, I have yet to be interviewed by the *New York Daily News*,

for instance, so I asked him what interest his readers could have in a person who wrote such morose and dreary plays. "It is very important for them to know that there are writers in America," he said. I could hardly believe they doubted that. "Oh yes," he said, "they will be very surprised to read about you, that you exist." But if they were that ignorant, I said, what difference would it make to them whether writers exist in America? What importance could the whole question have for them? "Very important," he said. "They are not intellectuals, but they think anyway that it is necessary for a country to have intellectuals. It will make them more sympathetic to America."

This is but one of many similar incidents which have made me wonder whether we are struggling, unknowingly, with a difference in cultural attitudes which may even warp and change purely political communication at any particular moment.

It is not that we are a people without seriousness. It is that we measure seriousness in an entirely different way than they do. They are the inheritors of a culture which was established, and I believe still exists, on an essentially aristocratic concept, which is to say, out of societies whose majority was nearly illiterate, education was for the few and the artist a kind of adornment to the political state, a measure of its glory and its worth. The artist for us, even as we may pay him much better than they do and cheat him much less, is more of an odd duck, and even among his fellow artists here he does not really exist except when he gains a great popular following. Again, our pragmatism is at work. I think that more Americans than not concede an artist his importance in proportion to his ability to make money with what he creates, for our measure of value is closely attuned to its acceptance by the majority. The artistic product has traditionally had little if any intrinsic justification for most of us. And this has presented our artists with a very lonely and frustrating life on the one hand, but on the other with a worthy if nearly impossible challenge. We regard it as our plain duty to make high art, if we are able, but to make it for all the people. More often than not, however, the art that is made sacrifices art for popularity partly because popularity pays fabulously among us. But the challenge is the right one anyway, I believe. The thing of importance now, however, is that even as we have produced some of the best works of literature of



this era, we yet stand accused with perfect sobriety of being a mindless country. In this area the Russians have an inherited advantage over us. Despite all their differences from the Western tradition, their inherited attitude toward the artist and the intellectual has essentially the same sort of consciousness as that of the European. I think, for instance, of the time Dostoevsky died. The entire Russian nation went into mourning for a novelist. I think of the endless lines of people who came to sit at Tolstoy's feet in his later years. I think too of the time a few years ago when I visited the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm and saw an announcement of a forthcoming cycle of Strindberg's plays. I asked the director whether Strindberg was a popular writer in his native Sweden, and the director said he was not. Still for at least one period in each season, Strindberg's plays are regularly produced. "But why do you do this if he is not very popular?" I asked. "That isn't the point," he said. "He was our greatest dramatist and one of the best in the world; it is up to us to keep his plays alive and before the public." Later, we walked through the vast dressing room area of the theatre, and there was one which, he said, is not often used. It belonged to a great actor who was now too aged to play. Yet, they kept his dressing room solely for his use just in case he might drop in to rest of an afternoon. They needed dressing rooms badly, but it was inconceivable to take this once-great actor's name off his door until he had died.

This is not the occasion to examine the right and wrong of that system; I only wish to say that there is in Europe at least the strong remnant of the idea that the artist is the vessel of his country's selfhood, the speaker who has arisen among his countrymen to articulate if not to immortalize their age. I believe, as well, that because this reverence remains, it leads them to believe that they care more for art than we do, and that it follows we have no real life of the spirit but only a preoccupation with commodities. I would go even further and say that often our immense material wealth is the cue for them to believe that we care less for people than for things. I will not comment here on how much we care for people or how little; I am trying to avoid the question of the civilizing value of this kind of reverence for art. I will only say that at least in one country, Germany, its alleged pride in its artists did not seem to mitigate its ferocity in two world wars. But this is not



the whole story either, and I leave it to go on with my observations.

In the different attitudes toward art can be detected attitudes which may be of significance politically. The reviews and comments upon my own play, *Death of a Salesman*, are of interest in this connection. When the play opened in New York it was taken for granted that its hero, the Salesman, and the story itself were so American as to be quite strange if not incomprehensible to people of other nations; in some countries there is, for instance, no word that really conveys the idea of the salesman in our sense. Yet, wherever it has been shown there seems to have been no difficulty at all in understanding and identifying with the characters, nor was there any particular notice taken of the hero's unusual occupation. It seems to me that if this instantaneous familiarity is any guide, we have made too much of our superficial differences from other peoples. In Catholic Spain where feudalism is still not a closed era; among fishermen in Norway at the edge of the arctic circle; in Rome, Athens, Tokyo—there has been an almost disappointing similarity of reaction to this and other plays of mine in one respect at least. They all seem to feel the anxieties we do; they are none of them certain of how to dissolve the questions put by the play, questions like—what ultimate point can there be for a human life? What satisfaction really exists in the ideal of a comfortable life surrounded by the gadgets we strive so hard to buy? What ought to be the aim for a man in this kind of a world? How can he achieve for himself a sense of genuine fulfillment and an identity? Where, in all the profusion of materiality we have created around us, is the cup where the spirit may reside? In short, what is the most human way to live?

I have put these questions because the commentators around the world have put them, but also because they do inform the play and I meant them to. Yet, no American reviewer actually brought up any of these questions. A play is rarely discussed here as to its philosophic meanings, excepting in a most cursory way; yet the basic effect upon us and the effect upon foreign audiences is evidently very similar. What I am trying to point out, again, is that it is less often the fact itself, the object itself about which we differ, than our unwillingness to rationalize how we feel. I sense that even as we do create the things of the spirit it seems to them rather an accident, rather a contradiction of our real character. I would

add that had my plays not worked in Europe, which is to say that had they really been only philosophical works and not infused with the American pragmatic need for scenes to move with a pace and with characters made clear and familiar, the European would not be likely to be interested in them either.

I think it is true to say that for the most part as a nation we do not understand, we do not see that art, our culture itself, is a very sinew of the life we lead. Truly, we have no consciousness of art even as it has changed our tastes in furniture, in the houses we buy, in the cars we want. Only as it is transformed into things of daily use have we the least awareness of its vital functioning among us, and then it is only as its by-products appear in the most plain aspects of usefulness. As an example, even while abstract art is gazed at without comprehension, if not with hatred, its impact upon our linoleum designs, our upholsteries, our drapes, our women's dresses, our buildings, our packages, our advertising—these uses or misuses are quickly accepted without a thought. We have made in real life a most modern environment in many cases and have little conscious awareness of modernity; they have kept an outmoded environment in many cases and have a heightened awareness of what is modern.

This whole antipathy for theorizing, of knowing intellectually what we are doing, has very often crippled our ability to appraise reality. We so often become drowned in our own actions. For instance, it seems to me that this government has acted time and again as though its reasons would be automatically accepted without question or suspicion. In recent months we have armed Pakistan, a nation imbedded in the Indian nation, and one with which India has some potentially explosive disagreements. The reason given for arming Pakistan was security against Russia and China. For the Indian Government, however, there could only be one result of this arming and it would be to strengthen Pakistan against India. To defend our act by claiming naivete will simply not do under the circumstances. We intended the arms for defense against Russia and China, therefore that is all they will be used for. To rise above our immediate action and interest, to see beyond the moment and through the eyes of another country—this requires a kind of imagination which, to be sure, is not very difficult to achieve, but one must be accustomed to using it. In general, it

seems to me, speaking as an artist and not a politician, this government has proceeded at times quite as though individual actions could have no larger meaning; quite as though, in dramatic terms, each moment of the play we are writing were to be judged for itself and separately from the play as whole.

This evident inability to see a context behind an action does not stop at politics. I think it is part of our method of seeing life. Again, I will use the theatre as an example. Our critics will be inclined to see the hero of a play as a psychological figure, as an individual, a special case always, and their interest flags beyond that point. It is even said that, strictly speaking, it is not their business as to the larger significance of a character portrayed on the stage. They are present to discern whether he is interesting, logically formed, persuasive as a fiction, and so forth. The European, however, while interested in the character's manifest surface, is equally intent upon discovering what generality he represents. It is not the business of our critics to decide or most often to even discuss whether a play is built upon a tattered and outworn idea; if an old and worn idea is made to work on the stage once again in terms of effects and suspense and so forth, it is enough. In the European review one will inevitably find some estimate of the value of the concept behind the play. In other words, it is assumed to begin with that a thing is always made with an intention and that the intention is as important to evaluate as the effects it manages to create.

Thus it is that we find ourselves unable to meet the suspicions of Europeans in many situations, and find ourselves puzzled and even angered as a result. For instance, it is no secret to anyone in Europe that our borders are, in effect, sealed. And when, as happened recently, a writer of the eminence of Graham Greene, is denied entry here for a visit in transit to the Far East, I am sure that most Americans cannot find the slightest patriotic interest in the situation. It happens that for a short time some decades ago, Mr. Greene, a converted Catholic, belonged to the Communist Party and has been an anti-Communist ever since. More importantly, his works are known around the world, and they are regarded by tens of thousands of people as sincere attempts to wrestle with some of the most serious moral and religious and ethical problems of this age. I can only ascribe his exclusion to a complete

unwillingness, perhaps even an inability, to admit that Mr. Greene is not any Greene but a very particular Greene existing in a definite Red context; that being a writer of his stature is not a fact of any consequence but a politically important consideration; that for millions of people in the world his profession and the high seriousness with which he has practiced it lend him a certain dispensation, the dispensation of the truth-seeker; and finally, that to refuse him entry into this country implied that this country feared what he might see here. I am sure that given these considerations, our officials would reply that the law is the law; that a writer is only another name to them. Yet it is impossible not to conclude that the real interests of the United States, to say nothing of its dignity, are transgressed by such an action.

I believe that this attitude toward culture is a disservice to us all because it lays us open to extremely dangerous suspicions which can spread out to stain our whole effort to preserve the democratic idea in the world, especially when we have had to create so large a military machine. A display of force is always a generator of fear in others, whether it be in private or public, local or international affairs. We consent to the policeman's carrying a gun not because we have lost our fear of the bullet but because we have agreed to suspend that fear on the assurance that the policeman carrying it is acculturated with us, that he shares our values, that he holds high what we hold high. But at the same time he must be willing to use that gun, he must be psychologically able to commit violence if we are to believe in his protection, and his willingness to slay, if it is not securely hedged about by his very clearly displayed respect for our values, quickly becomes a fearful thing. It is no different with a nation which would convince the world of its peaceful intentions even as it is heavily armed and its troops are stationed around the world. In the final analysis a reliance on force is always a confession of moral defeat, but in the affairs of nations it is tragically necessary sometimes to confess that defeat and to gather and rely on force. But to forget even for a moment that only the most persuasively demonstrated belief in civilized values can keep the image of force from being distorted into a menacing image—to forget this is to invite the easy demolition of our efforts for peace.

To prove an assertion whose implications are so vast is impos-

sible, yet I must say that in a very profound way the differences I have indicated in our attitudes toward culture itself have often made it possible for Russian propaganda to raise fear of us in foreign peoples.

In passing, I should like to touch for a moment on a minor but I think indicative paradox inherent here. A recent article in the *New York Times Magazine* on Russian education and another group of photographs in *Life* described the high seriousness of the Russian college students, their evident dedication to their work, a picture so intense as to throw up in the mind the counter-image of so many American students for whom college is quite another thing. Unless I am entirely mistaken, the same article and the same photographs would not appear extraordinary to the European. What would be strange to him and cause him to wonder on his community with us, would be pictures of some of the shenanigans indulged in by some of our students. What I am trying to indicate again here is that there are superficial differences in our attitudes to culture in his particular area which show us to be less intimately connected to the European than the Russian is. The same is true of our kind of theatre as contrasted with the German, let us say, and the Russian. I emphasize that the official attitude toward these manifestations of culture is extremely weighty outside this country. Yet the fact remains, and I believe it to be a demonstrable fact, that with all our absence of apparent awe, we have produced more than a recent quota of cultural works in the past two decades. The crucial importance of the image we cast in the world is not appreciated among us and in my opinion is one of the wounds through which the blood of our influence and our dignity is constantly seeping out. I go back once again to the image of our force. If our enormous power to destroy—and whatever else it is, military force is a destructive force—if we are content to allow it to appear in the hands of a people who make nothing of culture, who are content to appear solely as businessmen, technicians, and money-makers, we are handing to the Russian, who appears to make so much of culture, an advantage of regiments. And the further irony is that the serious Russian, both student and artist, has been so hamstrung by the tyrannical strictures on thought in his country, that his intellectual production has in recent years been brought to nearly a standstill excepting in those

scientific pursuits connected with militarily valuable science. It is, in their case, an irony which does not escape the notice of the world, in fact, it is precisely their tyranny that has kept nations out of their grasp. I believe, in short, that if we could only recognize and admit to our successes in culture, if the policy of our government and our people toward the things of the mind and the spirit were especially conscious and made serious, we have at hand a means of coming into closer harmony with other peoples who at bottom share our basic values.

But lest I seem to advocate a new advertising campaign let me quickly correct the impression. To be sure, the object of a business or a nation in its relations with the world outside is to show its best qualities. More precisely, the obvious thing to do is to exhibit to the world whatever the world will most easily take to its heart for its own, those things which will make other peoples fear us less and love us more, those things with which they can identify themselves. For it is easier to misunderstand and hate that which seems alien and strange.

Our most popular, most widely seen cultural export is the American movie. It is a powerful convincer because hardly anybody in the world doesn't like to go to the movies. More importantly, however, it is spontaneously-made, it appears without an ulterior political motive. So the man who sees it does so voluntarily and with his resistance down.

The trouble with the movies, however, is the same sort of trouble which Americans themselves often create when they go to Europe. Our movies draw the affections of people, their admiration, and envy for the opulence they generally portray, and also their disgust—as for instance, when a woman douses a cigarette in a perfectly good, uneaten, fried egg. At the same time, the movie star is beloved, his private life is followed with the interest long ago reserved for the minor gods. As such, we can only be glad so many foreigners like to see our pictures.

But even as we gain by them we lose something of tremendous importance. Most movies are admittedly and even proudly brainless. When you have as much destructive power as we do, it is of the first importance that the world be continuously made aware not merely of how silly we can be, and at times how vulgar, but



of how deep an attachment the American people has for the nicest cultivation of humane values.

It is in our novels, our poems, our dance, our music, and some of our plays, primarily, that we can and do reveal a better preoccupation. Yet, I can say from personal experience and from the experiences of other writers, that the work of art in which we really examine ourselves, or which is critical of society, is not what this government regards as good propaganda. I am not aware, for instance, that the export of any comic book has been interfered with, but only recently a non-fiction book was refused a Congressional appropriation for inclusion in our overseas libraries because it showed a dust storm and a picture of an old-time country schoolhouse. In my opinion, it is not only not bad to show such things, nor bad to send our critical works around the world, but a necessity. For it is clearly one of our handicaps that we somehow insist at least officially that we have no inkling of a tragic sense of life. We posture before the world at times as though we had broken with the entire human race and had hold of a solution to the enigma of existence which was beyond questioning. As a dramatist I know that until the audience can identify itself with the people and the situations presented on the stage, it cannot be convinced of anything at all; it sits before an utterly incomprehensible play of shadows against an unseeable wall. Thus, when a work or an action or a speech or a declaration to the world is presented without a trace of decent humility before the unsolved problems of life, it is not only that we do not really reflect our real selves, but that we must inevitably alienate others. For the truth is that we have not discovered how to be happy and at one with ourselves, we have only gone far in abolishing physical poverty, which is but one single element in the solution. And by harping only on that, we in effect declare a want of spirituality, a want of human feeling, a want of sympathy in the end. I believe we have solutions for poverty which the world must eventually come to adopt or adapt to other conditions, and we are obligated to demonstrate always what we have accomplished, obligated not only to ourselves but to humanity which hungers for ways to organize production and create material wealth. But along with our success we have created a body of art, a body of literature which is markedly critical, which persists in asking certain human questions of the pat-

terns we have created, and they are questions whose ultimate answers will prove or disprove our claims to having built a genuine civilization and not merely a collection of dominating inventions and bodily comforts. We are too often known abroad as dangerous children with toys that can explode the planet for us to go on pretending that we are not conscious of our underlying ethical and moral dilemmas.

It is no disgrace to search one's soul, nor the sign of fear. It is rather the first mark of honesty and the pool from which all righteousness flows. The strength of a Lincoln as he appeared in the eye of the world was not compounded of a time-bound mastery of military force alone, nor of an image monolithic and beyond the long reach of doubt. That man could lead and in our best moments leads us yet because he seemed to harbor in his soul an ever-renewing tear for his enemies and an indestructible desire to embrace them all. He commanded armies in the cruelest kind of war between brothers, yet his image is of a peaceful man. For even as history cast him as a destroyer of men, as every leader in war must always be, he seemed never to have lost that far-off gaze which cannot obliterate the tragic incompleteness of all wisdom and must fill with sympathy the space between what we know and what we have to do. For me, it is a reassuring thing that so much attention and appreciation is shown our novels and plays of high seriousness, for it signifies, I think, that others wish to see us more humanly and that the world is not as satisfied as we sometimes wish to appear that we have come to the end of all philosophy and wonderment about the meaning of life. It is dangerous to be rich in a world full of poverty. It is dangerous in obvious ways and in ways not so obvious.

During the war I worked for some time in the Brooklyn Navy Yard repairing and building ships for our fleet. The ships of many allied nations were often repaired there and we got to know many of the foreign crews. I remember one afternoon standing on the deck of a British destroyer with a British sailor at my side, when alongside us an American destroyer was passing out into the harbor. It was a boiling hot summer day. As the American ship moved slowly beside us a sailor appeared on her deck and walked over to a water cooler on the deck and drank. On British destroyers a thirsty man went below to a tap and drank lukewarm water;



when he bathed it was out of a portable basin, the same one he washed his clothes in. I glanced at the British seaman sweating on the deck beside me and I said, "That's what you guys ought to have, eh?" "Oh," he said, with an attempt at a sneer, "your ships are built for comfort." It was not that he couldn't bear the idea of ice water on a hot day. I feel reasonably sure he would not have joined a demonstration against the British Admiralty had a water cooler been installed on his deck. But the mere fact that we had coolers on our decks did not at once overwhelm him with a reverence for our superiority. The essential emotion in his mind was a defense of his own dignity and the dignity of his country in the face of what ought to have been a promising hope for himself but was taken as a challenge, if not a kind of injury to his own pride. I am not saying we ought not to have water coolers, either in our ideas or on our ships, but a foreign policy based solely on water coolers and water coolers alone may create as much envy, distrust, and even hatred as anything else. As a matter of fact, his deprivation he made into a positive virtue. It was common to hear Britishers say that their fleet was made to fight, unlike ours, that they had no comforts, no shower baths, plenty of cockroaches and what to us would be miserable food, because they had no time and ought to have no time, for anything but their guns, and because a ship of the fleet had no right to be anything but a floating gun platform. And finally, they convinced themselves that we couldn't hit anything anyway.

It is important for us to recall that there was a time not long ago when the positions were almost exactly reversed. It was the time of our frontier, the time when for the European, America was an uncomfortable place, without the amenities of his civilization. And at that time a stock situation in our plays and novels and our folklore was the conflict between the elegant but effete European or Englishman being outwitted or mocked or in some other way overcome morally by the inelegant, poor, roughhewn Yankee the mark of whose superiority was his relative poverty, an inability to spell, and a rugged, even primitive jealousy of his own independence. I was reminded of this irony by the latest novel of the aforementioned Graham Greene called *The Quiet American*. This is the story of an American working in Asia for a cloak and dagger bureau in Washington, and his friendship and conflict with a

British newspaperman. One is struck time and again by the Britisher's resentment of the American's precautions against disease or dirt—a veritable phobia of contamination—quite like the old literature in which the Englishman appears in tweeds and cap to shoot buffalo in the West, his sandwich hamper neat and ready, the napkin included. It is not merely the resentment which is important, but Green's evident conviction that the American's relative wealth insulates him from any interest or insight into the realities around him, particularly the stubborn problem of the meanings of existence, meanings which transcend the victory over material want. And Greene reflects as well a kind of grudging admiration for the Asiatic Communists compared to the smooth-faced, naive American, for the Communist, he says, knows how to talk to his fellow poor. In contrast, the Americans are prosperous and spiritually blank-eyed; they walk with the best of intentions in the impenetrable delusion that theirs is the only civilized way to live; in this book they walk in a closed circle outside of which the alien millions of the world, especially the poor, lead a life unknown and unknowable to them, and they are forced, the Americans are in this book, finally to rely upon devious policies of political opportunism and terroristic force. I will add that there is a pronounced quality of the caricature in this book, a caricature which quite astounded me coming from the pen of Graham Greene. It is easy to cast a stone at him and walk away, but there it is, a book which evidently appears quite accurate to the British and presumably to the European, whose reviewers took no note of the caricature in it; the work of a man who has not shown himself to be a fool in the past and is surely not against democracy.

It is time, I think, for us to step back and with open eyes, and a dignified humility, to look at where we are. How does it come to pass that so successful a system and so free should so steadily lose its hold upon the hearts of men over a single decade, when its competition is a tyranny whose people live in comparative poverty and under the rule of men instead of law. Is it truly possible that everything can be laid to the success of Communist propaganda? If that is true, then I think the jig is up, for then history is truly made of words, and words that lie. But it is demonstrably untrue, for there has never been a Communist revolution in a country with parliamentary government, except for Czechoslovakia, which

was a revolution under Russian bayonets. Nevertheless, there is a sense in the world that somehow we are helpless, except for our armament, against a positive ideology which moves forward as we stand still or move backward. The conviction grows, it seems, that we have nothing really to say that we haven't said, and nothing to do except to stand by our guns.

I would make certain simple and self-evident observations and leave the largest conclusions to you. There is a revolution going on every single day in this era. Sometimes it erupts only in North Africa, sometimes in Iran, sometimes in a less obvious way in Greece, sometimes in the heart of Africa itself. By and large the foreign policy of the United States has gone on the assumption that things ought to remain as they are. By and large we have adopted a posture of resistance to change and have linked our fate and our dignity and our idea of safety to those regimes and forces which are holding things down. It is as though the misery of most of the world would not exist had the Communists not given it a name. We have, in more ways than one, made them into magicians. We had a Point Four program. We were going to buy the friendship of peoples with a few hundred million dollars. But the basic conditions of misery, the basic setup under which this misery is perpetuated and will continue to be perpetuated—for this we have no official word. The deepest hope, and we must come to admit it, was that they would take our aid and stop shouting. As a consequence, even by our own admission, enormous amounts of our aid have made the rich richer, as in Greece, and the poor no better off. Nor is this entirely our fault in a technical sense. It is not our fault that thieves steal for themselves, but there is a possibility which lies in another direction, a possibility which costs money to realize, but in my view presents our one great hope. One, but only one element in it, involves our resolution as a people and as a government that abject poverty and human freedom cannot coexist in the world. It is the desperation born of poverty that makes freedom a luxury in men's minds. Were this country to place as the first object in its foreign policy a resolution, a call, a new dedication to the war on poverty, a new wind would, I think, begin to blow through the stifled atmosphere of international relations.

I believe such a program set at the very forefront of our work

in the world would have not economic consequences alone, but ultimately political and institutional changes would occur. There ought to be in training here technicians and experts for loan wherever they are needed, an army of them ready to move into any land asking for them. We ought to be building as many atomic power reactors as we can build, and we ought to be offering them to any nation asking for them. And above all, we ought to make clear that there are no strings attached.

The objection will be that we have already tried this and what have we got in return? I say that we have not tried it unpolitically. In India, in Italy, in Greece and other places we have given aid on conditions of political fealty and there is no blinking that fact. We have said, in effect, your misery does not move our hearts if you do not believe as we do. I say that it is the peoples of the world more than their governments who must be reached and raised up, and if that is the aim, if the love of the American people and their sympathy is permitted to surround this aid, instead of the fear of the American people turning all help into a species of bribery, we shall have reason to hope. Nehru is not suspicious of America because we have given India help in the past but because we have withheld it at times and threatened to at others when he says something we don't like. We ought to make it absolutely clear to the world that we are precisely what has never been before, a nation devoting itself now to the international onslaught on poverty, a nation eager for change, not in fear of it. Certainly we shall be greeted with cynicism, but if we adopt cynicism we are falling into the trap set for us, as we so often have over the past ten years.

But along with economic and technical aid on a scale far beyond that of the past, our entire attitude toward cultural matters must be revolutionized. There ought to be an army of teachers in training here for foreign service, people who can teach languages, mathematics, science, and literature. We ought to appear in the world as the source and pool from which the nations may draw for the new age that is to come. Our own gates must be thrown open to the musicians, the players, the writers, the literature of these countries, and our own artists must be invited to perform wherever there is an audience for them. And what do we get in return? Nothing. Nothing but the slow, but I believe

inevitable, understanding of the peoples of the world, nothing but the gradual awakening to the fact that we are not a fearful country, nor a country that knows all the answers, but a country with an understanding for the poor, a country which has such an abundance of materials and talents that it wishes to reach out its hand to others less favored.

But whatever the technical aspects of this approach, however difficult they may be to put into force, they are simple compared to the change in spirit required of us. I think the single most important alteration that has occurred among us since the second World War is an insidious infusion of cynicism. No more were we going to be naïve, not again taken in by large visions and giveaways and the whole social-worker, Rooseveltian panorama of idealism. We were dealing now with sharks and we must know how.

Yet, when was it that we held our undisputed moral leadership in the world? When did we start to lose it? It is simply no good laying the blame on Communist propaganda because it was no more wily after the war than before. We have lost sight of the context in which we are living. We have come to imagine that because there are two major powers there can only be one of two ways the social and economic organization of the world can materialize. But already there are three. There is Tito's Yugoslavia, striving to remain independent, trying to establish a kind of socialism and at the same time to put forth at least a root from which may grow a tradition of civil liberty. And there are four. There is India, insistent upon social planning and a high degree of government supervision of economic life, yet tolerant of private property and private business, but rejecting the American system of unrestricted private enterprise. And there are five, with Israel mixing completely socialized villages and farms with a private economy developing in the cities. And there will probably be six, seven, eight, or a dozen different combinations of social and economic forces in as many areas before the next decade is finished. Only one rule can guide us if we are to be wise, and it is, again, that misery does not breed freedom but tyranny.

We have long since departed from any attempt to befriend only democratic nations and not others. The police states included by us in what we call the Free World are too numerous to mention.

The Middle East and certain states in South America are not noteworthy for their respect for civil rights, nor is Franco Spain or the Union of South Africa. All these states promise only one thing in common—an allegiance to the West. But if we are not to be taken in by our own propaganda we shall have to see that they have other less amiable traits in common. They are economically backward and their regimes have vested interests in backwardness. Why then do we include them in the Free World? Because they claim in common a hatred of socialism and a willingness to fight with our side in case of war. But what if there is not to be war in our generation? Then we have only collected deserts that might have been watered but were not.

This brings me to my final point and it is the most vital and the most debatable of all. I believe that the world has now arrived, not at a moment of decision, but two minutes later. When Russia exploded her atom bomb the decision of history was made, and it was that diplomacy based either on the fear or the confidence that the final decision would be made by war, is no longer feasible. I believe the arms stalemate is with us for an indefinite time to come, and that to base a foreign policy upon an ingathering of states willing to side with us in war is to defeat ourselves in the other contest, the main contest, the crucial contest. I believe that the recent shift of Russian emphasis to economic, social, and cultural penetration rather than revolutionary tactics issuing in ultimate war, is based on this new situation. I believe that literally the hands, or more precisely, the fists, of the nations are tied if they only knew it, and that it is their hearts and minds which are left with the struggle. I believe that in its own devious way history has placed the nations squarely in a moral arena from which there is no escape.

But the implications go even further. The whole concept of Russian-type socialism and American capitalism competing for the allegiance of mankind is going to fall apart. There will be no pure issue from this struggle. There will be so many mutations and permutations of both systems, that it will be impossible to untangle them and call them one or the other.

The danger, I believe, is that the Communist idea will, in fact, be able to accommodate itself to the new complexity, but that we shall not, because we shall have refused to see that great social



changes can be anything but threats to us. The danger is that without our participation in the reorganization of the backward sections of the world, our central value, the dignity of the human being based upon a rule of law and civil liberty, will never become part of the movement of peoples striving to live better at any cost.

For that and that alone ought to be our mission in this world. There are many mansions not only in heaven but on earth. We have or ought to have but one interest, if only for our safety's sake, and it is to preserve the rights of man. That ought to be our star and none other. Our sole aim in the past ten years was the gathering in of states allied against the Soviet Union, preparing for an attack from that source. As from some fortress town of the Middle Ages, we have seen the world. But now as then history is making fortresses ridiculous, for the movement of man is outside and his fate is being made outside. It is being made on his farm, in his hut, in the streets of his cities, and in his factories.

In the period of her so-called naivete, America held the allegiance of people precisely because she was not cynical, because her name implied love and faith in people, and because she was the common man's country. In later years we have gone about forgetting our simplicity while a new ideology has risen to call for justice, however cynically, and imparting the idea that Russia stood for the working man. Meanwhile in a small voice we have spoken of justice and in a big voice of arms and armaments, wars and the rumors of wars. Now we must face ourselves and ask—what if there is to be no more war? What is in us that the world must know of? When we find this, the essence of America, we shall be able to forge a foreign policy capable of arousing the hopes and the love of the only force that matters anymore, the force that is neither in governments nor armies nor banks nor institutions, the force that rests in the heart of man. When we come to address ourselves to this vessel of eternal unrest and eternal hope, we shall once again be on our way.

DEATH IN THE DISTANCE

By JORGE GUILLEN

Translated by JULIAN PALLEY

Je soutenais l'éclat de la mort toute pure  
Paul Valéry

At times I am troubled by a certainty  
And there before me trembles my future.  
In its sudden ambush looms a wall  
Of the final suburb on which is cast

The field's light. But shall there be grief  
If the sun bares it? No, there is no anguish  
Yet. More urgent is the full ripe  
Fruit that the hand already peels.

. . . And that will be the most sad among  
Days. Then let the hand offer and fall  
Without despair. And revering the imminent

Power I shall say without tears: come,  
Just fatality. This white wall  
Will impose on me its law, not its accident.



## The mailman came at two-O-five

IRENE HUNT

Cunnard had been told to put the tarpaulin in the muleshed, but he hadn't done it; he'd thrown it over the fence with hot cuss-words for Jeremiah's father and the tarpaulin had stuck there with one corner falling down and getting caught on the jagged leaves of a barberry bush only a short way from the sidewalk. It made a tent of sorts, a quiet place for thoughts where Jeremiah crawled away to be hidden and safe with knees hugged up against his chest and bare toes tracing curlicues in the dust beneath them.

It was dry inside the tent although a pool was creeping steadily toward the opening as it was widened by drops of water that slid in a slow march from one leaf of the bush to another and finally to the ground. Drip! (Long wait) Drip! (Long wait) Drip! Like a slow song. Like a teasing. The mailman would come at two-O-five, and Drip! (Long wait) Drip! was like a clock that told the seconds off until the mailman came walking down the street, until he stopped and looked all around and finally, with great satisfaction, discovered Jeremiah.

Cunnard called the mailman a white bastard, but Jeremiah loved him and actually he wasn't white at all, but kind of red with yellow stubbles on his cheeks and deep wrinkles and blue eyes that grew watery in the slightest wind. His voice was a lot of little crackles, nice, and no words like "Sonny" or "a good boy." His back was round like a little hill where the mail-pouch struggled up and down when the mailman had to trot off in a hurry because he had stopped for too long a talk with Jeremiah.

The mailman was a great one for talking. Like yesterday. "To tell you the truth, Jeremiah, I look forward to passin' the time of day with you," he'd said. "Mart Evans up at the pool hall offers ever now and then to stake me to a coke or maybe a cup of coffee in the interest of public service. But you know, I ain't never seen fit to break my schedule for such triflin' matters. No sir, I get a pleasure in our friendship, and too, I got a feelin' that kindergarten

is goin' to bring about some changes—no, sir, you can set your clock by me, Jeremiah, if you're a mind—two-O-five every week-day against the possibility that by two-O-six you mighta got tired and wandered off beyondst my sight."

Jeremiah smiled to himself and looked down the fog-hung street again. The fog was deep enough for drowning, maybe, and dirty as the old quilt the dogs slept on in the shed. In the wet grayness all the houses across the street, the lampposts, and the trees took on wavery uncertain outlines as if at any minute they might dissolve and run into a dark blot with the fog the way the birthday water-colors ran upon moist paper. He drew his knees up underneath his chin and hunched himself forward to be on the watch; the fog-chill didn't bother him because meeting with the mailman was a bright event, like a gift from the dimestore on your father's payday, or hot brown porkchops for your supper when the feel of being hungry is big within your stomach.

The mailman appeared out of the fog quite suddenly and came up to peer inside the tarpaulin tent. He shifted the half-empty mail pouch to the other shoulder and wiped the dampness from his glasses with a blue handkerchief.

"Well, tomorrow is the day, Jeremiah," the mailman said just as he'd been saying for a long time—"only a few more days, Jeremiah,—only three—only two—"

"That's right," said Jeremiah. Happiness flowed through his body down to his toes—all along his finger tips. He could find no other words, but he smiled at the mailman and past him, out into the fog. Tomorrow and kindergarten—it was like your mother home from the hospital or the puppy you weren't expecting—it was like all these good things with just a touch of sadness added for everyone who was not Jeremiah. "I'll tell you everything that happens," he said after a long minute. "I'll be home by two-O-five and I'll tell you all about it."

"I sure will be anticipatin' of it, Jeremiah." The mailman put his glasses on and looked at Jeremiah through the tops of them. "You got all the fixin's for a good send-off, have you?"

"New pants and a color book. Tonight my dad is goin' to buy me crayons and maybe a pencil with my name on it."

The mailman nodded. "I had a slate," he said, remembering. "A fine big slate and pencil and a spit-rag. That spit-rag was for

wipin' off the slate when one set of cipherin' was done. Not a clean practice, Jeremiah."

"I'm goin' to be clean—my mother wants me to. If you're dirty or you stink, the teacher might not like you. Or the kids."

"I set great store by you, Jeremiah. You'll make folks say, 'Now there's a fine young fellow, clean and smart and no trouble outta him.' I allow your teacher will say to me—happen I meet her on my route—I allow she'll say, 'Why, a very fine young scholar—wisht I had a whole roomful the likes of Jeremiah.' "

He was grateful to the mailman for this newest dream of what it was going to be like—it was another thing to think about inside the tent with stillness all around you. He dug his toes deep into the comfortable mud outside his tent, but he wouldn't smile like his mother's silly kicking baby—he wanted to be like a man with his friend.

"I 'spect the fog will lift by morning," he said, knowing that it would because for months he'd seen the day with sunshine spreading like thick honey upon pancakes, a golden day and his mother would let him pick a bunch of paintbrush and Queen Anne's Lace for the teacher. And Mrs. Meadows down the street had promised him an apple from her fruit stand for a treat. Of course it would have to be a golden day.

"Fog often lifts sudden like—" The mailman looked off down the street. It was plain that he knew he should be going, but he didn't move, and as he stood there it seemed as if his face looked sad. Then after just a little while he held out his hand and Jeremiah scrambled to his feet to make the manly gesture.

"I wish you the best, Jeremiah," the mailman said, clasping Jeremiah's hand.

"I wish me the best, too, Mailman," Jeremiah answered, and man-O-man, he felt fine—he felt wonderful and he would not move to go into the house until the mailman was lost in the fog far down the street.

He stood beside his mother that evening in the kitchen where sweet, clean warmth and coffee-smell and the sound of potatoes complaining delicately beneath the iron lid of the skillet became things to hug close, to weep at losing. Jeremiah pressed against his mother's thighs and for a minute tomorrow and kindergarten

were less real than they had been when he talked with the mailman—less perfect.

His mother stopped her work and stood very still. "It's tomorrow, Jeremiah," she said. He wished that her voice were gladder.

"The mailman and me shook hands," Jeremiah answered without looking up. "He wished me the best on account of tomorrow."

She touched his head. "You'll remember to listen and be polite and stay quiet if there's quarreling? You'll make folks up at the big school see that you're a fine, well-mannered boy?" She had said all these things to him before. He wondered.

Then there was Cunnard in the doorway, Cunnard laughing at Jeremiah and his mother. Cunnard's laugh was mean, and his eyes, and when he was mad, his face was twisted like pictures one sees sometimes in a bad dream.

"Sure, you're goin' to be a fine, well-mannered boy," he said, making his voice sound like a girl's. "You're goin' to kiss white asses, ain't that so, Jeremiah?" Then in his own voice, he added, "You'd better, kid, or it'll take the whole god damned supreme court—"

Jeremiah's mother flashed toward the big boy as he lounged against the door-casing.

"Cunnard, you're my sister's own—I've stood up for you because of that and because your child days was full of trouble. But dirt-talk in front of my boy I'll not have—not if I have to tell Emmett and turn with him against you. And that would mean slim days for your stomach and cold ones for your back."

Cunnard shrugged and threw himself into a chair where he sat far back upon his spine, stretching his long legs out in front of him. "Ain't sayin' nothin'," he muttered, "Ain't sayin' dirt-talk, ain't sayin' sweet-talk. Tomorrow I ain't even sayin' I tol' you so—but I'm thinkin'. I'm thinkin' plenty, and tomorrow I bet my guts gonna be plumb tied up with laughin'."

Jeremiah's mother was like stone. "Cruelty ain't all one color, Cunnard—I've seen it white and I've seen it black. In spite of that I still got faith, some of it in my own kind, some of it in the kind you got no good word for. I got faith, else in sendin' my boy to the big school, I'd be diggin' a pit for my heart."

That Cunnard. Full of back-talk and bad words with Jeremiah's mother, full of sullen looks and mutterings with his father. Jere-

miah had learned to avoid Cunnard, to shut the big boy from his thoughts and to seize happily the hours when his cousin was out of the house—hours when his mother sang at her work and home felt as safe as the tent out in the garden. That Cunnard made him afraid—made him fear that tomorrow might be filled with fog and kindergarten not what he had dreamed that it would be.

But Cunnard was gone the next morning before Jeremiah came down to breakfast and the bright day was clean and made him think of the fresh white sheets that he sometimes helped his mother fold when she took them off the line. The signs for the day were good except for strange shadows in his parents' faces and a silence when Jeremiah came into the room, a silence that followed low-spoken words. There was a box of crayons at his plate, each colored stick unbroken, perfect. There was a yellow pencil, too, with a fine eraser and the name "Jeremiah" printed in bold black letters along one side of it.

Jeremiah fell upon his parents and tried to make them understand his love for them. "I'll be so good like you told me and they will like me and the teacher will tell the mailman, why, no trouble at all—I wisht I had a lot of kids like Jeremiah—"

He went with his mother down the street, the new school-pants settling proudly upon sturdy legs, the plaid school-bag strapped across his shoulders like a mail pouch, a bunch of wild flowers in his hand. Mrs. Meadows at the fruit stand admired his new clothes and remembered to give him the largest apple from her basket. Mr. Quinlin, the cobbler, limped outside his shop and thought that *he'd* like to be starting to school again. Mr. Otto, the butcher, told Jeremiah's mother that she should be real proud to have so fine a boy enrolled in kindergarten up at the big school. But Jeremiah's mother could only look at Mr. Otto. She could not talk because of a trembling in her lips and so they walked silently away from their friends and crossed the tracks and came at last to the big school where children swarmed, shouting at secret things which strangers could not understand or ever hope to know about. The world suddenly seemed very large to Jeremiah and far removed from the tent over the barberry bush at home.

The wide doors of the school stood open and as he climbed the steps Jeremiah looked down into a hall which extended, bare and

dimly lighted, for miles and miles with a thousand mysterious doors opening onto it from either side. Inside the entrance a small crowd of people stood, the mother-kind mostly, Jeremiah observed, and far above his head their voices clattered, one against the other, not good, but like the voices of angry birds he'd once heard as they circled above a small, hurt thing in the woods.

The voices made Jeremiah feel very cold and full of terror. He and his mother walked like stiff wooden soldiers down the miles of bare corridor that stretched before them and their hands clung together with a tightness that, for all its hurt, still saved one from the feeling of being altogether lost. Jeremiah wanted to cry. He had not once dreamed that kindergarten might be like this.

Then, joyfully at last, like the happy ending of a story in which witches and wild storms are done with finally and everything is right again, one of the mysterious doors was opened and kindergarten lay before him. A teacher met them at the door, a young girl-teacher, pretty, with gold lights in her hair and the sweet smell of the big department stores at Christmas all about her. The teacher shook hands with Jeremiah's mother and she thanked Jeremiah for the flowers and put them in a vase on her desk. Then she took his hand and led him all around the room, showing him the wonders, saying to a little boy who was already there, "Tony, this is Jeremiah—do you want to show him where we keep the hamsters?" Jeremiah knew that his mother watched all this, and when the time came for her to leave him, she smiled a little and walked away quickly without looking back.

After a while there were many children there, crowds of children no taller than Jeremiah and Tony, children who cried and wanted to go home, others who stood quietly and stared with thumbs stuck firmly in their mouths, some who ran about and shouted and pushed against others. A little girl with red curls looked steadily at Jeremiah and said, "Why are you in *my* kindergarten?" but the teacher said, "Let's make a line and march around the room," and that was fun and left no time for words that were like the voices in the hall—like Cunnard's.

Now and again the voices got into kindergarten and would have spoiled it too, but the teacher was careful to keep the doors closed and when the voices got outside upon the playground, she closed the windows and played gay music on the white piano be-

side the fireplace. The teacher said, "Do you want to sing for us, Billy? Marjorie? Jeremiah?"

O, at last. Jeremiah. He sang almost every day with his mother and once he sang for the mailman a song she had taught him with great care. The mailman had spoken words which Jeremiah did not understand that day, but ones which he remembered for all that.

"I know a song of human dignity," he told the teacher, proud to remember what the mailman had called his song. He stood close to the teacher as she sat at the piano and he looked into her face for help in case he stumbled, for that was the way he always sang with his mother. And then, slowly, carefully, the way his mother would have him do it, Jeremiah sang in a clear voice the song the mailman had liked.

When Israel was in Egypt's land—  
Let my people go.  
Oppressed so hard they could not stand—  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land,  
Tell old Pharaoh—  
Let my people go!

The teacher was prettier, of course; still she was much like the mailman. She liked his song. Jeremiah could tell. Then two children whose names were Ann and Mikey told Jeremiah that he sang the best of all of them. They stood on either side of him at the window ledge while the three of them played with a set of blocks and Jeremiah knew that besides the mailman he now had the teacher for a friend and Mikey and Ann.

There were many people outside on the playground—big people—but they did not matter. They held no interest for Jeremiah and his friends. But when a patrol car drew up beside the curb opposite the kindergarten windows, it served to start a game, full of delight and action.

"That's a cop-car," said Mikey.

"It's a car for bad people—like robbers," Ann explained.

"Bang! Bang! There, I shot a robber dead," that was Mikey, his face suddenly very pink, and "Bang! Bang!" that was Jeremiah, ready to enter into any game with Mikey, for this boy was his



friend now and all things that he did were right. Soon there were other children with them and they overcame any number of robbers while they stood before the windows, and they smiled at one another because everyone in kindergarten was OK and only robbers were unwelcome.

"I will tell the mailman at two-O-five; I will tell the mailman all these things." Time that was like a year stretched between home and kindergarten, between the laughter in this bright room and the happiness of saying "hello" to the mailman from the tent over the barberry bush. And yet the time must surely pass because the best was to come in that hour when the mailman would stand listening and full of respect for a Jeremiah who was five years old and knew all about an outside world called kindergarten.

The voices in the halls and on the playground were growing steadily louder. From the windows the children saw policemen waving back a crowd of women while in a cleared space of the playground a group of five or six children stood, very close together and did not run or make a move.

"Maybe they're going to play games with the mothers," Ann guessed. And Mikey asked if he and Ann and Jeremiah might go outside and play games with the mothers. But the teacher shook her head and Jeremiah was glad; he remembered how the voices had clattered above his head when he and his mother came into the hall. He wondered that Mikey and Ann were not afraid of the mothers' voices.

The children made a wide ring in front of the empty fireplace and the teacher sat on one of the low red chairs—she sat between Tony and Jeremiah and she had a story for them which was pleasant although, indeed, it was not quite new. Once when she paused as if to listen, a whole chorus of childrens' voices took over the story for her—"And then the girl broke the little bear's chair—she broke it all to pieces—" They laughed then, all of them except the teacher. Her eyes were wide and it was plain that she was afraid when the door suddenly flew open. A crowd of women and a crowd of voices came rushing into the kindergarten.

They did not like Jeremiah. He shrank in terror against the teacher when he saw them coming toward him, a crowd of faces twisted like Cunnard's with angry purple lips and angry eyes. They did not like the teacher either when she held Jeremiah close

to her. He heard Ann begin to cry and then Mikey and after that little frightened cries from many children.

A big policeman came in then and made the women stand back. "OK, OK, calm down now, can'tcha?" He was angry too, but not with Jeremiah. He came over and took hold of Jeremiah's hand.

"Come on with me, Bub, no one is goin' to hurt you. Come on—school's over for today—"

Jeremiah walked out of kindergarten with the big policeman and he did not cry because his throat was closed so that no sound could come out of it. The big policeman led him by the hand out into the middle of the playground where the little group of children still stood, very close together and very still. Another policeman came in a few minutes and the two men took Jeremiah and three little girls with them as a second patrol car drew up for the rest of the children. Jeremiah was the youngest—the policemen put him on the front seat between the two of them. One of the little girls was sobbing in the back seat, the others made no sound.

The car rolled away from the curb, the car for bad people, for robbers to whom good folk said "Bang! Bang!" Jeremiah tried to make himself as small as possible. He sat very still and tried to breathe quietly so that the hurt inside him would not be so sharp. Strangely enough, the sun still shone, yellow as honey, and once when they stopped for a traffic-light, Jeremiah saw a mailman—not *his* mailman but one who dressed the same—this one was whistling, gay, and with good feelings as if this were still the first day of kindergarten.

The policeman who had led him away from the mothers said, "Well, aren't we two heroes? And don't it give you a fine glow, O'Brien, to think what you've been doin' for white womanhood—"

The other policeman scowled. "Take it easy, Mac," he said, "Rome wasn't built in no god-damned half hour—"

He told the policemen that his mother was at home although he knew that she would be away at work at this hour and the baby would be at his grandmother's in another part of town. The car stopped at the sidewalk only a few feet from the barberry bush where the tarpaulin still hung upon the jagged leaves and made a tent of sorts.

But Jeremiah no longer cared to sit inside the tent; instead he went up to his room and locked the door and waited. He heard the noon whistles blow and saw Mrs. Meadows' daughter come to watch the fruit stand while her mother went home to lunch. He saw Mr. Otto drive away, white-coated, in his butcher's truck, and then he listened to the clock on his dresser that ticked away as if nothing had happened about which it cared. A man selling brushes knocked and knocked at the front door and finally went away very slowly, looking back once or twice as if he knew that someone inside the house had heard him. Cunnard came home and prowled in the refrigerator for a while, then left again without ever coming up the stairs. The clock on a nearby church steeple struck two times and Jeremiah went to the window and stood at one side, hidden by the muslin curtain.

He saw the mailman coming down the street hurrying a little, almost trotting after he had left the mail next door, looking about anxiously as he came to the tarpaulin tent in the garden. Then the mailman stopped dead-still and looked toward the house, looked all around as if he could not quite believe that Jeremiah was not there. He took off the small gray cap he wore and scratched his head. After a while he called in the nice voice full of crackles, "Jeremiah! Hey there, young fellow. Jeremiah!"

But Jeremiah did not answer. He watched the mailman walk away sadly, his shoulders a little more stooped than ever. He watched the mailman go down the street and this was the worst—this was worse than the car for robbers or the twisted faces or the voices that clattered above his head like the voices of birds he'd heard once as they circled above a small hurt thing in the woods.

## The revolt against politics

CURTIS MARTIN

During the war the following story was told about a young air-force crew that was crossing the Pacific ocean for the first time. The plane, a thousand miles from the nearest land, had been flying in circles for several hours and the passengers were not entirely at ease. The pilot came into the cabin for a moment and a nervous soldier asked him how things were going. The reply was: "We're lost, but we're sure making good time."

This story may have a bearing on the subject of American politics in the mid-twentieth century. We appear to be going some place in a great hurry, but just how and where is not very clear or definite. There are a number of reasons for this uncertainty, not the least of which is, as Einstein once remarked, that politics is much more complicated than atomic physics. In order to understand physics one need only know all about atoms and their nature; to comprehend politics one must understand human beings and human behavior. Compared to the latter, physics is child's play.

These remarks are not made to frighten the timid away from the study of politics but to challenge the bold and the intelligent to think more seriously about this difficult and extremely significant aspect of our government and civilization. Despite the complexities we must attempt to understand our political system and, further, we must try to detect where it is going. Only thus will we be able to control and guide the major practical vehicle—our party system—that can carry us forward to a more successful democracy. Democratic theories always remain in the realm of ideas, constitutions remain as mere words on pieces of paper, and the hal-lowed objectives of freedom and self-government remain as unrealized ideals except as we bring them down to earth and give them living body and practical meaning through an effective political party system.

In discussing the future of American politics, we must remem-

ber that no one can be sure exactly what direction it will take; political prediction is a hazardous profession and absolute knowledge is not to be captured by mortals. Nevertheless, as Mr. Justice Holmes once said, "Every year, if not every day, we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge." Woodrow Wilson summarized the problem succinctly when he stated that the uncertainty of American politics is such that no male citizen of middle age should despair of becoming President.

It is my purpose in the pages that follow to attempt to determine if there are at the present time any basic trends that may modify the American party system. Secondly, I wish to inquire if there are any tendencies toward realignment of our parties. In order to answer these questions we must look briefly at history and we must examine such additional questions as the following: Are our parties, as is often stated, more alike today than in the past? Are the parties, as is often charged, more meaningless than ever before?

Currently the profession of politics is in rather ill repute in the United States. As recently as 1955 President Eisenhower stated in response to a reporter's question that he had no "great liking for" politics. Indeed, Mr. Eisenhower's single greatest qualification in the eyes of millions of voters, apparently, is that he is not a politician, that he is "above" politics. In this connection the point must be mentioned that one of the most interesting distinctions in the American language is that made between the words "politician" and "statesman." A politician is a man (women are not often smeared with the term) who—behind the scenes—holds and manipulates the reins of political power for private gain, whereas a statesman is a public servant and is beyond the meanness, littleness, and partisanship of politics. It has also been said that a statesman is a dead politician.

Is this view of politics and politicians new? Hardly. The famous humorist Artemus Ward long ago coined the statement: "I don't care much for politics, and all my other habits are clean." Nonetheless, the seriousness and the depth of the current revolt against politics appears to be greater than at any time in modern American history. Today politicians and political parties are in

considerable disfavor and are not trusted and honored by the citizenry quite as much as they might be. Professor Klain of Western Reserve University reports in the *Antioch Review*, Winter, 1955-56, that among his students the automatic responses to the word "politics" are as follows: corruption, graft, dirt, dog eat dog, big stomach, big cigar, big promises, big wind. A Jersey City bus driver recently put it this way to the political reporter Samuel Lubell (*Revolt of the Moderates*): "I'd like to see a different party in control of each part of Congress. Then they'll watch each other and won't let either party have things too much its own way." Perhaps even more drastic is the idea a mother once expressed to me. "I'd rather see my boy become a sociologist," she said, "than have him go into politics."

These reactions are all the more interesting when one considers that millions of Americans respect their government and profess to see no real differences between Democrats and Republicans.

The nature of the political party system in every nation is dependent upon certain fundamental forces in that country. Parties always definitely and directly reflect a country and its people. For this reason we may assume it as an axiom that if the parties in the United States have recently changed or are in the process of changing, it is due to the fact that basic changes have been taking place in our country and our citizens. In order to determine whether this is happening, we must take a hard look at certain aspects of our government and society.

One of the two or three most important factors shaping the party system in the United States is the Constitution and the governmental structure laid down therein. The federal principle that divides our government into the national sphere, on the one hand, and the forty-eight states, on the other, is perhaps the major cause of our federated party system. This principle produces parties in which power is decentralized and rests almost entirely at the state and county levels. In contrast, England with a unitary system of government has political parties wherein power is almost completely centralized and resides at the national level. In the United States the separation of powers principle helps to create parties that are not welded together into well-disciplined units at any level, whereas in England the parliamentary system helps

to create more thoroughly unified parties. Our set terms of office—six years for senators and four years for the President, for example—free our officials from the need for strongly unified and disciplined parties, whereas again in England the possibility of a vote of no confidence bringing on an election at any time tends to cause the party leaders to hang rather tightly together in order to prevent their being hanged separately.

A second force determining the nature of parties in any country may be designated as the total environment, including such things as the size of the country, the character of its citizens, and the basic myths and attitudes by which its people live. The pertinent factors of this type in the United States include the tremendous expanse of territory and the widely varying climatic and geographical regions which support a great diversity of activities—for instance, the industrial Northeast, the cotton South, and the agricultural Midwest. Among the myths and attitudes relevant to our subject is our great faith in what we loosely term local self-government. The fact that the local courthouse was for the first centuries of our history the scene of almost every important governmental decision and action did much to create this psychology; more than any other people in the world we support and take solace in the idea of localism—and we still continue to do so even though the power that once resided in the county courthouse has slipped away to the city hall, in one direction, and to Washington, D. C., in the other.

Finally, our parties are the way they are because of certain difficult-to-define characteristics of the American people; of these, the American tendency to defend and support compromise as a principle and as a way of life is the most significant. Such frontier qualities as independence, self-reliance, local and provincial orientation, egalitarianism, and social and economic mobility have also tended to make for undisciplined, loosely knit, and non-doctrinaire parties. In addition, as our wholehearted support of the theory of checks and balances indicates, Americans do not approve of or desire thorough-going *majority* rule; instead, we want a combination of limited majority rule along with a great deal of protection for minorities. The great political analyst A. Lawrence Lowell recognized the significance of this fact more than fifty years ago and based his interpretation of American



politics upon it. It is very important that we realize that the American people do not want and have never wanted strongly unified, disciplined, and responsible parties. This fact is continually borne home to anyone who discusses American government and politics, as I have done over a period of years, with college freshmen who, presumably, reflect their folks back home. Americans fear concentrated and centralized power more than they fear anything else in government.

One way of seeing our politics more completely in the round is to look back at some historical views of the parties. Let's start at the beginning and see what George Washington had to say on the subject. But before we quote him, we should note that the terms political party and politics do not appear anywhere in the Constitution of the United States. The reason for this omission is perfectly clear: the founding fathers deliberately tried to construct a national government that would be free from politics and the dangers of "factions," as they called parties. The method they devised for selecting a president makes their aversion to parties quite obvious. The essence of the electoral college system is that it was supposed to produce a wise and entirely non-partisan man to sit in the office of president, a man who would be the leader of all the people, not just part of them. Incidentally, President Eisenhower's advisers have studied their political history well and have made excellent use of this concept about the need for unity as opposed to division, a concept that appeals to the average American as strongly today as it did to the founders in 1787.

George Washington's principal remarks on the subject of political parties are recorded in his Farewell Address. There he said: "I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state [particularly as they reflect geographical and regional differences]. Let me now take a more comprehensive view and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally." Washington then proceeded to outline the various dangers of the spirit of party. This spirit, he said, "serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-

founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions."

Thomas Jefferson, who in a sense may be considered to be the father of parties in the United States, did not agree with Washington. He contended that "in every free and deliberating society, there must, from the nature of man, be opposite parties, and violent dissensions and discords . . . Perhaps this party division," said Jefferson, "is necessary to induce each to watch and relate to the people the proceedings of the other." In 1804 Jefferson commented that "both of our political parties, at least the honest part of them, agree conscientiously in the same subject—the public good; but they differ essentially in what they deem the means of promoting that good. One side . . . fears most the ignorance of the people; the other, the selfishness of rulers independent of them."

James Madison was intellectually opposed to "factions" but he well knew that what he called the "differences in interest" among men would divide them politically; the major cause of these differences in interest, as he saw it, was based on the unequal amounts of property or money men had.

It is important to remember that at the time these men were speaking a system of *limited* government was in effect in the United States; that is, a government that had relatively little authority over private property and private business.

In 1833, one of the greatest foreign analysts of the American form of government, Alexis de Tocqueville, after remarking in his *Democracy in America* that "parties are a necessary evil in free government," made the following statement. "The political parties that I style great are those which cling to principles rather than to their consequences; to general and not special cases; to ideas and not to men." But it is significant that de Tocqueville then observed that "America has had great parties, but it has them no longer. The parties [in the United States in 1830] do not rest upon principles, but upon material interests. These interests constitute, in the different provinces of so vast an empire, rival nations rather than parties." De Tocqueville concluded by saying

that "the two chief weapons that parties use in order to obtain success are the newspapers and public associations."

Another outstanding student of American politics was the Englishman James Bryce. In 1888 he came to the conclusion that "the great parties were like two bottles. Each bore a label denoting the kind of liquor it contained, but each was empty." Mr. Bryce further stated that in the time of Andrew Jackson—in other words, at the time de Tocqueville was writing—there had been in the United States great parties which stood for definite and distinct principles. This, however, does not mean that Bryce was directly contradicting de Tocqueville's conclusions, for the latter was speaking in the main about parties as they were at the end of the period of one-party rule, roughly 1800-1828, whereas Bryce had in mind the Jacksonian-Whig competition of the following two decades.

To complete our survey we need only to note that another well-known student of American parties, Professor Arthur Holcombe of Harvard, writing in 1924 in his *Political Parties of Today*, quotes with interest if not approval a popular writer of the day, Samuel Blythe, who in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1922, had stated that the terms *Democrat* and *Republican* "are labels on empty bottles, signs on untenanted houses, cloaks that cover but do not conceal the skeletons beneath them."

This brief survey of historical evaluations of American political parties indicates that in each age it appeared to observers, even astute ones, that the parties had degenerated and were empty, meaningless, and exactly alike.

What about the parties of today? Are they actually becoming more alike, less principled, and less great? Is the current revolt against politics more soundly based and will it be longer-lived than similar revolts in the past?

On the basis of what we have already discussed, I believe that we may safely assume that if the parties are changing radically such changes must necessarily be caused by fundamental modifications in the Constitution and environment. Have any such changes taken place?

Since the turn of the century there have been two amendments

added to the Constitution which may have a bearing on the nature of American politics. The income tax amendment, to the extent that it tends to equalize the standard of living throughout our population and thereby to increase the size of the middle class, may have caused the parties to be more alike in that both have to appeal to this group for millions of votes. The twenty-second amendment limiting presidents to two terms has greatly reduced the opportunities whereby a president might control his own party, thus partially destroying one of the most significant unifying forces available to the party in power.

Let us consider also the major developments that have taken place in the environment since 1900. America has changed from a largely rural and agricultural society into a largely urban and industrial society. Governmental power has shifted from the county courthouses to Washington. We have, as a result of urbanization and industrialization, changed from a nation of independent and self-sufficient farmers to one of interdependent city dwellers. Not only has power shifted to Washington; in addition the nature of government has changed—in 1900 governments exercised mainly thou-shalt-not powers, whereas today they have broad and sweeping positive powers of many kinds. Many things that were strictly private matters in a frontier society have become public in nature in a world of cities, rapid transportation and communication, and modern military weapons. As a result government, national and local, controls and regulates many things in the name of the public interest. Furthermore, once upon a time the individual could confront his government in the county courthouse; today a distant, sprawling, complex bureaucracy cannot be located, much less confronted, by the average person, even though he may go from one office to another and one part of Washington to another. Partly to meet the demands of this situation, groups of all kinds have sprung into existence and have taken on the tremendously significant role of acting as the contact between the individual and his government. These groups have in many instances become either quasi-governmental, i.e., law-enforcing, units themselves, as in the case of labor unions, for example, or they have become in effect private governments, controlling and regulating the business relations of their members, as in the case of the National Association of Manufacturers and dozens of other

groups. In short, group action has replaced the old face-to-face relationship that once existed between the ordinary citizen and his government.

The developments referred to above have of course revolutionized nearly every single aspect of American life. Furthermore, the great speed with which these changes have taken place has brought about many problems of assimilation and adjustment. Every age, I suppose, is considered by the persons of that age to be one of rapid change. But for better or for worse, I am convinced that our own generations can lay firm claim to the honor of being the age of greatest transition since the beginning of recorded history.

What are the major political and psychological results of these great developments of the twentieth century? Most significant in an overall sense is that the modern world is much more complex than the old world. Psychologically, this complexity has created fears, frustrations, and insecurities of all kinds. Politically, these fears have caused us to be distrustful of a huge, distant, and impersonal government and yet, paradoxically, because we do not understand our complicated world and government, we have become apathetic and have left things to "George" to do. Many persons, believing that their one vote and their one small voice can have no effect upon governmental policy and the solution of the problems of the world, have resigned from their responsibilities as citizens. They have revolted against politics and have left everything to a "father," most recently in the United States to Franklin D. Roosevelt and later to Dwight D. Eisenhower—Mr. Truman apparently not filling the father image very well for one reason or another. The danger in this situation is that when we leave things to "George," one morning we will awake and find that George has indeed done them. And if his name happens to be Adolph Hitler or some more typically American name, then everything is lost. Escapism by whatever term we call it can never provide a firm foundation for a democratic government, which depends in the last analysis upon an informed and participating citizenry for its only chance at success.

The great material prosperity of the first part of this century and of the last fifteen years has also influenced American politics. This prosperity has had the net effect of creating a very large and

rather conservative middle class in the United States. The members of this group—comprising a high percentage of the population—tend to think alike and to act alike. If economic and social status have any bearing on a man's politics, and all the reliable evidence indicates that they do, as more men come to have similar status there will be a greater tendency for them to vote alike. This, when added to the fact that Americans have traditionally been middle-of-the-road, means that our parties in the future must be increasingly more moderate in nature. In this regard it is worthy of note that there have been very few landslides in American elections, even during the periods of one-party rule. Furthermore, as minority groups such as Negroes, for instance, attain a greater degree of equality, these groups will have fewer and fewer vital grounds for disagreement. Also, the strongly opposed interests that once divided on such questions as the tariff, agrarianism, slavery, hard money, isolationism, state's rights, and the general role of government are tending to lose their reasons for existence. Voters still differ on many issues, of course, but these differences are not as vitally important as they were in the past. This will continue to be the case until some concrete problem such as a depression or a serious question of foreign policy arises to split the voters. In brief, our increasing homogeneity coupled with a high degree of social and economic mobility is tending to eliminate knock-down-drag-out political fights.

What does all of this mean for the future of American politics? Should the parties be realigned or not? I believe it is safe to say that only extremists really want realignment. Reactionaries want one of our parties to be at the very least conservative, and radicals want the other party to be at the very least liberal. Almost everyone else wants both parties to be moderate. The reactionaries want to limit taxes drastically; they want to prevent the assumption of any additional powers by government and thus stop the drift toward what they call "socialism"; they want to reduce the United Nations, and they want the states to have a veto power over our international policies. In general the reactionaries want more power to reside in the state governments—for the very same reason that Hamilton and the other Federalists wanted more power in



the hands of the national government—in order to reduce the people's control. The reactionaries believe with some justification that they can dominate many of the state governments, whereas they have found from bitter experience that they cannot ordinarily dominate the national government no matter which party is in power, for the simple reason that only a moderate party can win a national election.

The radicals, who at present are not as active as the reactionaries, are generally content with present conditions, including the drift of power to Washington and the increased strength of the executive branch of that government.

Since the objectives of these extreme groups are completely out of line with American traditions and are also contrary to the present day tendencies toward moderation discussed earlier, it would appear that they will not be able to accomplish their goal of realignment. In short, our parties will tend to become more and more alike and thereby more and more moderate. But this does not mean that they will be identical. That is quite another matter. As most voters rightly divine—and voters always depend a great deal upon intuition—the Republican party today is somewhat more the party of “big business” and “big money” than is the Democratic party. The Democratic party, on the other hand, is somewhat more the party of the “working man.” A young man who had been raised as a Republican and who is now a railroad engineer once distinguished the two parties for me in the following words. “A Democrat,” he said, “has callouses on his hands. A Republican has callouses where he sits down.” I believe that this distinction is not as pertinent now as it was forty years ago—simply because very few of us have callouses on our hands today; otherwise the definition is rather meaningful. Statistics gathered recently by Professors Campbell, Miller, Lazarsfeld and others in *The Voter Decides* and *Voting* indicate that the higher a person's income the more apt he is to be a Republican and the lower his income the more apt he is to be a Democrat. Occupational stratifications follow political lines even more definitely. For example, professional and managerial groups are heavily Republican, while skilled and semi-skilled workers are fairly strongly Democratic.

However, as incomes level out and as more persons become members of the professions and, especially, as they move to the



suburbs and become home owners and taxpayers, they modify their voting habits, usually in the direction of greater "independence," more split-ticket voting, and more swing voting. Many voters appear to be quite ready to switch parties whenever they feel that it will be to their benefit. Party loyalty has never been very strong for perhaps twenty or thirty percent of the population. Today many voters, even more readily than in the past, vote for the man or the issue and not for the party. It is this circumstance as much as anything else that currently gives the appearance of a revolt against politics. Both parties and all candidates are forced to cater to these swing and split-ticket voters. The increased economic independence of these voters plus the fact that they are very much affected economically by the policies of a positive government has done much to create this situation. Both parties are now in the position of having to keep these balance-of-power-holders satisfied. This is not to say that these voters examine every political and governmental policy carefully. Rather to the contrary, they are only interested in such broad matters as peace and prosperity. Other issues are pretty much ignored. This circumstance again gives the impression that many people are not interested in politics, but the impression is misleading.

The net result of the developments discussed above is that the two parties are drawn more closely together. The Republicans, for instance, must today adopt Henry Wallace's soil bank idea, must enlarge upon the New Deal social security program, must support a higher minimum wage, and must control and regulate interest rates and credit. Both parties must support about the same foreign policies; both must try to raise the standard of living, maintain full employment, and keep us out of war. In short, government is today in the business of maintaining and improving the general welfare. Therefore, the political parties have to be in that business too. The day of old-fashioned loyalty to a party simply for the sake of the party right or wrong has passed for a considerable number of voters.

These conditions do not spell a deep but rather a broad and significant interest in politics on the part of millions of citizens. In addition to pure self interest there is another kind of issue that may upon occasion move many of the same voters we have been discussing. Certain vague but descriptive tags such as "corrup-

tion," "communist," "do-nothing," "big business," "high tax," and "brink of war" may if they can be pinned to a particular party have an important impact upon elections. This has always been true but it is more obvious today in the age of public relations men, mass media, and spot announcements. The point is that the influence of these slogans again indicates that voters make up their minds on the basis of generalities and emotional appeals. The only safeguard is that such generalities ordinarily must have some basis in truth and fact in order to sway very many millions of voters. Furthermore, there is often a tendency for competing slogans to cancel each other out.

For the reason discussed above we may fairly conclude, I believe, that we cannot expect a realignment of the parties. We may go further and state that we do not need such a change. Circumstances and time are continuously at work remodeling the voters and thereby the parties. The parties are as they are because of the total environment in the United States; they are the way the people want them to be. Temporarily, as in 1956, when at least for the moment there are few obviously serious problems, there are not many burning political issues. Under such circumstances there is a superficial appearance of a revolt against politics. We have noted that rather often in the past serious students have been convinced that the parties were empty bottles. As soon as important problems developed, the apparent revolt against politics was soon dissipated. Also tomorrow or next year when real problems arise this present apparent revolt will be proved to be quite etherical.

As long as we have freedom of thought and freedom of speech and free elections, there will be competition between the political parties. It is the preservation of the opportunity for this competition that we must worry about and must guard vigorously and jealously. As long as we preserve and enhance freedom, we need not worry about the health of our political parties.

## Two poems

ROBERT A. WALLACE

### A TRIBUTE

When poets dreamed of fighting, word and gun,  
Against real tyrannies and wrong,  
Found wars to go to,  
Went willingly along to glory  
Death and fun,

Then, I say, they were men who mattered,  
Though their verse went lame with forced marches.  
They visioned and went  
To build tall golden arches to love,  
Which shattered

Crumbling to their hand. Oh, they failed,  
Spies got into the cities despite  
All they tried to do;  
Things fell awry, fields white, towers sightless  
Dumb, trees felled

By the splintering lightning of bombs, orange  
In darkness. They failed, but they  
Failed first; and we still  
Are failing, away from the glory,  
The tall slaughters,

And the visions they carried in dead eyes.  
Unwilling we peer into a greater dark,  
Find our hands empty,  
Walk in the springtime park, and chatter  
Of girl's eyes

Bright with laughter, talk bric-a-brac  
Tenderly. Our dinners hot, our beds good,  
We wish to remember  
Them stepping in the thick mud, or in ships  
That walk the back

Of oceans. We are at the same war, all  
Men's war before it will be done;  
But we miss their dream,  
Some fabric of finished stone: something  
Golden and tall.

#### AN OLD CHURCHYARD IN CUMBERLAND

Heavy-headed, the snow-drop bends  
Bannered over the green grassblades;  
The headstones, rain-streaked and grey,  
Lean in the earth, as if to wade

Away from death before they topple.  
Everything here seems gone awry—  
The hanging gate, the crooked steeple,  
The cloud-rumpled corners of the sky,

Chalk-blue, with a glittering hole  
Burned above by the climbing sun.  
The final knots and tangles of snow  
On the mountains have come undone

In giggling strings of water, trickles  
Skidding over rocks, intent, a part  
Of silence. Just so the thrush sings,  
As if to stop his song would start

A greater silence booming round  
The valley. All April is allied  
In some elaborate pretence—  
This springtime palace of the dead.

## President Wilson's smelling committee

DAVID H. STRATTON

Like other less distinguished citizens, the President of the United States sometimes becomes critically ill. Usually when this happens, terse bulletins issued by the White House medical staff inform an anxious Washington officialdom and the rest of the country about his condition. In such periods of crisis it is not customary for the Senate to send an inquisitive delegation into the President's sickroom to investigate his health. But this is what occurred in December, 1919, when a two-man subcommittee came to interview President Woodrow Wilson after he had been secluded in the White House for two months, partially paralyzed by a cerebral thrombosis. It was this group that was later to be called a "smelling committee" by Wilson.

The Senate did not simply burst in upon the ailing President with the expressed purpose of conducting a physical examination. Although there had been considerable speculation during Wilson's extended illness and confinement about the real nature of his affliction and his fitness to carry on the duties of the presidency, it was necessary to find a plausible excuse for a visit to the White House. Fortunately for the senators, a local Mexican government imprisoned an American consular official and created an international incident. A rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries threatened, and war became a possibility.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, controlled by the Republicans and headed by Wilson's enemy Henry Cabot Lodge, decided that the gravity of the situation called for a conference with the sick President, and they consequently appointed a subcommittee. Ostensibly this subcommittee's duty was to confer with Wilson on the crisis in Mexican relations. It was understood, however, that the visit to the White House sickroom would also furnish first-hand information on Wilson's condition.

One member of the two-man delegation was an administration supporter, Democratic Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska.

At that time he was leading the fight in the Senate for the ratification of the President's cherished Treaty of Versailles, which contained a provision for the membership of the United States in the League of Nations. He had been admitted into Wilson's sickroom twice before to confer on the treaty, a privilege no other member of Congress had enjoyed. Hitchcock knew Wilson was partially paralyzed but had said nothing about it to the administration's opponents. His appointment to the subcommittee was intended to give it a nonpartisan appearance.

The other member of the delegation was no friend to the President. He was Republican Senator Albert B. Fall of New Mexico, who afterwards became Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of Warren G. Harding, and because of the Teapot Dome scandal was convicted in 1929 of accepting a \$100,000 bribe, sentenced to a year in prison, and fined \$100,000, thus becoming the first American Cabinet officer ever convicted of a felony committed while in office.

Fall's appointment on the subcommittee was not pleasing to Wilson. In fact when the President used the term "smelling committee," he actually referred to Fall alone. The two men were bitter critics of each other, and at least one member of the Wilson Cabinet, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, has called the New Mexico senator his chief's "worst enemy." Although a few others perhaps had more right to claim this distinction, the nature of the Wilson-Fall relationship and their personalities made a high degree of enmity almost inevitable.

Fall's background, both politically and socially, was strikingly different from that of the scholarly Wilson. He had entered the Senate as one of the original senators from New Mexico in 1912, several months before Wilson was elected for his first term. Previously he had served his apprenticeship in the rough-and-tumble politics of the frontier. Originally a Kentuckian, Fall had lived in Texas and Mexico, and then had come to territorial New Mexico in 1886 when the Indian threat in that area was still real. After pounding a miner's drill and then "reading" law, he became an attorney. He was elected and appointed to several territorial positions, first as a Democrat and later as a Republican. In the New Mexico constitutional convention of 1910 he was a dominant member, and after that, in 1912, he was one of the two Republican

senators the newly admitted state elected to the United States Senate.

In Washington as elsewhere Albert B. Fall always carried the mark of the West. A black broad-brimmed Stetson hat was his trademark, just as he was noted for his combative nature, his soft drawl, which, incidentally, was probably more Kentuckian than western, and his bronzed complexion. Although he was liked and admired by such aristocratic senators as Henry Cabot Lodge, he never lost the bombastic and scathing oratorical style which he had developed in the rowdy New Mexico political arena. And, above all, he was a strong Republican partisan.

The New Mexico senator was also considered an expert on Mexican affairs and was looked upon by some as a representative of the American oil and mining interest in that country. His investments there were relatively small at the time of the revolution in 1910-11, but he did suffer financially because of the unsettled conditions. Some of his friends lost much more. Yet it must not be forgotten that Fall represented a border state. Almost daily he received numerous letters from constituents and others living near the border demanding that something be done about the Mexican atrocities. These demands increased greatly after the bandit Pancho Villa crossed the border and led a raid on the town of Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916.

It is not surprising, then, that Senator Fall had vigorously opposed President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting." He was a constant and bitter critic of the Democratic President's strategy toward Mexico throughout the eight years Wilson was in office. Like ex-President Theodore Roosevelt and many other prominent Americans, Fall wanted intervention to right the wrongs against United States citizens in Mexico. Declaring that American losses there amounted to \$3,000,000, the New Mexico senator in 1913 advocated the annexation by the United States of the northern Mexican states. After the Villa raid he ardently pressed for immediate intervention and futilely introduced a resolution in the Senate authorizing the recruitment of an army of 500,000 to perform the task. What Fall wanted was a full scale invasion; Wilson hoped to avoid this at all costs.

Senator Fall objected to the President's leadership in World War I with only slightly less sarcasm than he voiced on Mexican



affairs. Wilson reciprocated this feeling. In 1918, when the New Mexican was facing reelection to the Senate, Wilson, in reply to a query about his attitude toward Fall's candidacy, stated:

Your question whether I would be willing to depend upon Senator Fall's support in settling our foreign relations is easily answered. I would not. He has given such repeated evidence of his entire hostility to this administration that I would be ignoring his whole course of action if I did. No one who wishes to sustain me can intelligently vote for him. If that is the issue the voters of New Mexico wish to vote upon, it is easily determined.

Although the Socialist candidate for the same office had written the letter of inquiry to Wilson and received his reply, the Democrats were the ones who made the most use of the President's remarks. They printed his telegram in an Albuquerque newspaper as a full-page advertisement, decorated with an American flag upheld by a soldier and sailor, and urged the election of Fall's Democratic opponent.

Fall won the contest after a difficult campaign in which Theodore Roosevelt had aided him with a sweeping endorsement of his record in the Senate and his patriotism. But the New Mexico senator never forgave Wilson for his public attack. He was especially bitter because the attack was delivered at a time when Fall was suffering great personal sorrow. His only son and one of his three daughters, both married, had just died of influenza within a few days of each other and had left young children.

Fall's hostility toward Wilson increased noticeably in the summer of 1919 when the President returned from Europe with the Treaty of Versailles and began to press for its ratification in the Republican-controlled Senate. Fall was one of the leading "irreconcilables," that dozen or so senators who were opposed to the treaty in any shape or form. Their opposition was so determined that they were also called the "bitter-enders" and the "Battalion of Death." With Senator William E. Borah, the "Idaho lion" and the most eloquent speaker in the Senate, as the "soul" of the phalanx, they dominated the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. They attacked the President and his treaty with a barrage of invective and sarcasm in the Senate, through the press, and on public speaking tours. They haggled and manipulated. Almost

any means seemed legitimate to them if they could accomplish their goal of defeating the treaty.

Some of the irreconcilables were evidently sincere in their belief that the Treaty of Versailles with its enshackling League of Nations was unconstitutional, was contrary to traditional American foreign policy, and, if ratified, would imperil the sovereignty of the United States. As Fall declared on the floor of the Senate, making light of two descriptive terms which Wilson had aimed at his opponents: "I can not with my 'limited horizon' and possibly 'pigmy' mind see my way to ratify the President's proposals as contained in the treaty and covenant for the league and at the same time keep inviolate my oath of office and not betray the United States and its people." Yet it seemed to many that at least a few of the irreconcilables were more immediately concerned with discrediting President Wilson and the Democrats in order to lay the groundwork for a Republican victory in the forthcoming election of 1920 than they were in preserving the sovereignty of the nation.

President Wilson, as only he could do, "set his jaw" against his adversaries in the Senate who wanted either to kill the treaty or revise it. Because of the growing opposition during the summer months, he decided to take his cause to the people in what has been described as the greatest publicity campaign up to that time. Plans were made for an extended speaking tour of approximately 10,000 miles covering most of the population centers of the Middle West, the West, and parts of the South and Southwest. The President hoped that the public sentiment created by such a giant "swing around the circle" would force the Senate to ratify the document without major alterations.

The Western tour was an ambitious undertaking, especially for a man who was not well. Ever since Wilson had become chief executive in 1913, he had been under a nerve-grinding strain, having taken only one real vacation, a two-week respite in New Hampshire, in 1915. The exertions caused by World War I and other international as well as domestic problems seemed more than enough to finish the average man, but then the job of making a just and enduring peace was equally perplexing. It was a wonder that the President had not toppled before now. The Western speaking tour was to do just that.

Wilson and his party, including an entourage of newspapermen, left Washington by train on September 3, 1919. His wife, who accompanied him on the trip, later characterized it as "one long nightmare." It was a sporting question among the reporters who went along whether a man of Wilson's age (he was then approaching sixty-three) could complete the task he had laid out for himself. Day after day, for over three weeks, he presented his cause to large, cheering audiences, at whistlestops or in more formal surroundings. In the midst of all this turmoil executive affairs, correspondence, and communications with congressional leaders competed for attention. There was little or no opportunity for rest or even relaxation.

What was reported as an attack of influenza, but which may have been a mild stroke, had confined him to his bed while he was negotiating the treaty in Paris. Now nagging headaches that had set in before the departure from Washington grew worse as the tour rolled on until they almost blinded him at times. To add to the President's discomfort, a "wrecking crew" of irreconcilable senators (Senator Fall was not one of this particular group) was trailing the special train and taking the stump to give rebuttals to his speeches as soon as he moved on.

After touring the Middle West and the Pacific Coast, the presidential special turned eastward toward the Rocky Mountains. At Pueblo, Colorado, on September 25 the President delivered what many of his associates considered the most impressive address of the entire trip. Perhaps this opinion was fortified by subsequent events because this was the last important speech Woodrow Wilson ever made.

The next address was scheduled for Wichita, Kansas, but the President never kept the engagement. His body finally rebelled. That night he became seriously ill and slept only about two hours. Possibly he suffered a stroke at this time. Although he was still determined to go on with the tour the next morning, he was convinced by his wife and members of his staff just before the train arrived in Wichita that this was impossible. Instead of stopping at the Kansas metropolis, where an estimated crowd of 50,000 had gathered to welcome him, the special train hastened to Washington. The Western tour had been canceled only two days before its completion. President Wilson had delivered some forty speeches

for the Treaty of Versailles, not including whistlestop orations, in seventeen states. Yet the value of this tremendous effort is questionable. The crowds on the tour cheered the President enthusiastically, but this apparent fervor changed few if any votes in the Senate.

Two days after Wilson's collapse, the Presidential special arrived in Washington. He walked unsupported through the station to a waiting automobile which hurried him to the White House. The doors of the executive mansion promptly closed to all visitors except members of the family and a few others. Until the visit by the "smelling committee" two months later the country knew almost nothing about the real state of his health.

The seclusion of President Wilson was the first of the events leading to the White House visit of the subcommittee composed of Senators Fall and Hitchcock. Subsequent news, or rather lack of news, concerning Wilson's health was influential in the decision of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to dispatch the subcommittee.

When the speaking tour was canceled, the presidential physician Dr. Cary T. Grayson, a navy admiral, announced that his patient was suffering from nervous exhaustion, complicated by digestive difficulties resulting from overwork. The situation was not alarming, he continued, but full recovery would necessitate an indefinite period of rest and quiet. Consequently Admiral Grayson ordered Wilson's seclusion in the White House. At the same time presidential secretary Joseph P. Tumulty stated that all of the President's engagements for the immediate future were canceled.

Actually the worst was yet to come. A few days after the return to Washington, Wilson's wife found him on the floor unconscious. He had been struck down by a cerebral thrombosis which paralyzed his left side. Specialists were summoned for consultation, yet a medical bulletin issued by Dr. Grayson said only that the President was "a very sick man." Later bulletins were equally vague and uninformative, even after Wilson narrowly escaped death a second time when an inflamed prostate gland produced a stricture of the urethra. In fact it was over four months before there was any kind of public statement from the President's doctors giving information about the thrombosis which had occurred in the first days of October.

Until the end of Wilson's term the White House often seemed more like a hospital than an executive mansion. This was especially true during the first weeks after the thrombosis. For days the President was in a coma. It was a month before he was able to deal with even a few official matters. For another month he convalesced incommunicado. Then he could receive a limited number of callers and transact more government business, but he still remained paralyzed. It was April, 1920, before he once more presided over Cabinet meetings. He was at best only part-time President until he left office on March 4, 1921. It was also during his infirmity that the Treaty of Versailles and America's membership in the League of Nations, were argued in the Senate and rejected, once in November of 1919 and again in March of 1920.

A virtual "regency" guided the affairs of the executive branch much of the time that the nation's elected leader was incapacitated. In order to protect her husband from further affliction, Mrs. Wilson, who was the stricken man's constant nurse, allowed only those matters which she considered the most urgent to come before him. This function of censor, which was often exercised in collaboration with Dr. Grayson, placed great responsibility on the President's wife during a crucial period. In fact this "petticoat government" was the nearest to a woman President that the United States has ever come.

Like the public, Congress had no definite information about Wilson's ailment. Most of the Cabinet members knew little more. The columnist David Lawrence, who enjoyed the favor of the Wilson administration, has declared that this "was one of the biggest secrets in American history." What the White House regarded as practical considerations dictated the ban on authoritative sickroom news. If the seriousness of Wilson's condition became known, there probably would be a demand for his resignation. Mrs. Wilson, after talking with one of the consulting medical specialists, decided that her husband's resignation would damage the treaty's chances of ratification and otherwise disturb the unsettled post-war domestic scene. No doubt Wilson felt the same way himself. Also if he resigned in the middle of the treaty fight, the doctors believed he would lose his reason for living. This alone was enough justification for Mrs. Wilson.

This atmosphere of secrecy produced innumerable rumors. The unsatisfying medical bulletins, which appeared regularly, only sparked speculation. As a result, the White House was kept busy handing out denials, some of which carefully avoided the truth. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane wrote his brother, "No one is satisfied that we know the truth, and every dinner table is filled with speculation. Some say paralysis, and some say insanity. Grayson tells me it is [a] nervous breakdown, whatever that means." For the first time passers-by noticed the bars on the White House windows, placed there years before for protection against poorly-aimed balls from the hands of President Theodore Roosevelt's children, and imagined that they saw a madman peeking out. Other wild reports said that Wilson was afflicted with a venereal disease, that he was blind, that he had an abscessed brain, and even that he was dead.

Meanwhile many government officials became concerned about the enigmatic situation created by the President's sickness. Some of them explored the possibility of invoking the indefinite presidential disability provision in the Constitution which would authorize Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall to assume the duties of the presidency, temporarily at least. Secretary of State Robert Lansing evidently thought this should be done, but none of the other Cabinet members wanted to consider the delicate issue.

Although Congress was more willing to discuss the feasibility of replacing Wilson, they too were reluctant to take any concrete action to accomplish it. The Democrats, the minority party, were handicapped by the loss of vigorous executive leadership. A few of them believed that if the President would step down, or was removed by congressional legislation, and Vice-President Marshall took over the office, this unfavorable situation would be partially remedied. On the other hand, the Republicans were much more anxious to depose Wilson. Many of them felt that with Marshall as chief executive they would be able to rewrite the pending Treaty of Versailles as a Republican document, while still others saw this as a chance to destroy the treaty altogether. Also the Republicans saw an opportunity to gain political advantage for the coming election of 1920 and, at the same time, to even the score with their old enemy in the White House. And



then there was the disturbing possibility that Wilson would try for a third term. If it could be proved somehow that he was physically or mentally incapacitated and he was removed from office, even for a short time, his hopes for reelection in 1920 would be wrecked.

Senator Fall was a part of this Republican "dump Wilson movement." Since the first part of September, soon after the President had left on the western speaking tour, Fall had been conducting an investigation of Mexican affairs as chairman of another subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee. He did take time off to promote the passage of his own series of amendments to the Treaty of Versailles, which were, however, defeated. And he was not too busy with his Mexican inquiry to take notice of Wilson's sickness. In the middle of October, while the Foreign Relations Committee was discussing the fitness of the President to continue the direction of executive affairs, Fall subtly suggested that if Wilson were too ill to carry on his responsibilities, the Democrats should move that the Senate recess until he was able to do so. This would have clearly shown, of course, the incapacity of the President, and no doubt the public then would have demanded his removal.

Several bills seeking elaboration and clarification of the constitutional inability provision were introduced, but nothing came of them. Senatorial leaders from both parties attempted to persuade Vice-President Marshall, an affable politician but a man of modest abilities, to assume the presidency. At this time Marshall told his confidential secretary, "I could throw this country into civil war, but I won't."

Republican Senator George H. Moses, one of Fall's colleagues on the Foreign Relations Committee, brought the fight to oust Wilson out into the open. In a letter, which was obviously intended for release to the press, Moses wrote that the President had suffered a brain lesion and that although Wilson might live, he would not be "any force or factor" in national affairs. This lay diagnosis, which was accepted as fact among the senatorial cloakroom group, was so uncomfortably near the truth that two White House doctors indignantly responded with stinging denunciations of Moses. They would not say, however, what was actually wrong with their patient.



Although Senator Moses' letter caused a furor, largely to the detriment of Moses who was thereafter dubbed "Doc," it was still not enough to inspire the bold action necessary to displace Wilson. The international incident providing such an opportunity involved Senator Fall's special field of interest—Mexico. American Consular Agent William O. Jenkins at Puebla, Mexico, was robbed and kidnapped by bandits. When he was released on \$150,000 ransom and returned to Puebla, the local government arrested him, charging that he had conspired with the bandits in his own kidnapping in order to discredit the Mexican government of President Venustiano Carranza and that he had perjured himself in statements he made about his abduction. After assessing the situation, Secretary of State Lansing sent an ultimatum demanding the immediate release of Jenkins. The Mexican government would not comply, and the two countries were closer to a severance of diplomatic relations than at any time since before World War I. So far Wilson had painfully avoided war with Mexico through all the crises since his inauguration, but now that his determined leadership was minimized by illness other forces might win out.

Anything regarding Mexico concerned Senator Albert B. Fall. While he was making preparations for hearings in the border states for the Mexican affairs subcommittee, Consular Agent Jenkins had been arrested. Because of the perplexity this incident created, some of his associates in the Senate insisted that Fall return to Washington as soon as possible. He arrived in the national capital on December 1, and after conferring with Secretary Lansing and other State Department officials he introduced an important resolution for Senate and House approval.

This proposal sanctioned the State Department's handling of the Jenkins case and asked the President to withdraw recognition and sever diplomatic relations with "the pretended government of Carranza," a regime which Fall had never looked upon with favor. He accompanied his resolution with a serious accusation. As a result of his subcommittee's probe, Fall maintained that he possessed incontrovertible evidence proving that Mexican diplomatic and consular agents all over the United States were "deliberately stirring revolutionary troubles" and engaging in "Bolshevik propaganda" with Carranza's endorsement.

Two Democratic senators introduced resolutions demanding even more energetic action against Mexico than Fall called for. One of them went so far as to propose a declaration of war. Other demands for intervention or outright war came from prominent citizens and the press. Many people seemed to believe that the imprisonment of Jenkins was the final insult in a long series of abuses in Mexico and that the United States could tolerate no more.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee met to consider Fall's resolution in a closed session on December 4. Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher, who had recently returned from Mexico City, and Secretary Lansing appeared before the committee to answer questions and present their views. In an extended statement Lansing told the senators, according to Fall, that President Wilson "had not been informed by the Secretary, directly, at least, concerning Mexican affairs since the return of the President to Washington from his western tour and since his illness."

This was exactly what those who wanted to oust Wilson had been waiting to hear. Even without the Mexican muddle there seemed to be more indications than ever that he was no longer able to perform the duties of his office. His failure to deliver his message to Congress in person at the opening of the new session on December 1, a custom he had revived after President Jefferson's abandonment of it over a century before and which he had maintained since becoming chief executive in 1913, had caused increased speculation. There was even some question whether Wilson had actually authored the written message which had been submitted. Also his scheduled conference on the treaty with Senator Hitchcock had been postponed. Although there were denials from the White House, it looked as if the President had suffered a relapse.

But Secretary Lansing's statement that Wilson knew little if anything about the precarious Mexican situation was conclusive. The country was threatened with war, yet the nation's leader apparently was not well enough to shoulder his responsibilities in this crisis as the administrator of foreign affairs. As the Republican majority on the Foreign Relations Committee saw the matter, it was their duty to send a delegation to the White House to in-

form the President about the crucial condition of Mexican relations and ascertain his views on the Fall resolution.

Of course the implication was clear. The Jenkins incident had conveniently come along to clinch the case that Wilson's illness made him incapable of holding office and that now he should be replaced by Vice-President Marshall immediately. If the request for the conference was refused, it would dramatically verify the seriousness of the President's ailment, whatever it was. On the other hand, if the White House agreed to arrange a meeting in the sickroom, this would provide the first-hand information on his health that his opponents had been after so long.

In a prolonged discussion the committee debated the Fall resolution and the bedchamber mission. Senator Key Pittman, a Democratic member of the group, maintained shortly afterwards that the New Mexico senator and those supporting him were seeking to bring on war with Mexico and were using every scheme possible to force acceptance of the Fall resolution before the opportunity presented by the Jenkins incident vanished. It is true that Fall had demanded armed intervention before; perhaps he thought this was the best way to settle the situation now. If this was the case, he was certainly not alone in his belief.

The lengthy debate ended without a final decision on the resolution, but the Foreign Relations Committee did vote to send a subcommittee of two to Wilson's sickroom. The vote was strictly along party lines; the six Republicans were for the conference, while the five Democrats were against it.

Logically Fall was one of the selections. Senator Hitchcock, the ranking Democratic member of the committee and that party's acting leader in the Senate, objected to the interview but consented to go as a representative of the President's friends. Although one report asserted that Fall disapproved of the conference on the grounds of good taste, there is little evidence to support it. On the other hand, it is said that he excitedly pounded on the table with his fist declaring with considerable accuracy, "We have no President. We have petticoat government. Wilson is not acting. Mrs. Wilson is president." Hitchcock later said Fall believed that Wilson was both physically and mentally incompetent, and had stated as much in the committee session. Contrary to common belief,

however, Senator "Doc" Moses, and not Fall, introduced the motion to appoint the subcommittee and sent it on its mission.

Now that the Foreign Relations Committee had decided to dispatch the subcommittee to the sickroom, the question was whether the White House would receive the two senators. Secretary of the Navy Daniels, whose reminiscences are often unreliable, did not think that the committee really expected an acceptance of their request. He later remarked, "The Mexican resolution was only an excuse for Fall to get into the White House, feel Wilson's pulse, and report that he was too ill to transact public business." Actually it made no difference; the President's opponents would gain their objective whether or not the subcommittee was received. But to the surprise of many, Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson were both satisfied that Wilson could stand the strain and agreed to a conference the next afternoon, December 5, 1919.

Although a few public officials, including Senator Hitchcock, had seen Wilson since the beginning of his illness and seclusion, the subcommittee's visit was the most publicized. There was little advance information on the affair, but on that day, for the first time since the President had become ill, newspaper reporters were given free access to the White House grounds and were permitted to wait on the main portico for the exit of the two senators. It appeared that those close to Wilson wanted the fullest publicity.

Dr. Grayson received Fall and Hitchcock and took them up to the President's bedroom where Mrs. Wilson greeted each senator. Immediately after the conference Fall mentioned to reporters in a rather detailed interview that she also shook hands with both of them. Nearly twenty years later Mrs. Wilson wrote in her book *My Memoir* that the New Mexican "entered the room like a regular Uriah Heap, 'washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water.'" And, she added, "I had taken the precaution to carry a pad and pencil so I would not have to shake hands with him." She put the pad and pencil to good use, however, by recording the discussion so that there might not be any "misunderstanding or misstatements made." It is possible that in the intervening years before she wrote her book the President's wife forgot the circumstances surrounding the handshaking, but her sketchy longhand notes of the conference itself are preserved in the Library of Congress as testimony of her historical awareness.

Wilson himself greeted the visitors pleasantly, shaking their hands with his unaffected right hand. His paralyzed left hand was carefully tucked under the covers. Senator Hitchcock reported several years later in a telegram, "... Fall, who supposed President Wilson's right arm was paralyzed was amazed when [the] President held up his right arm and shook [the] Senator's hand. Fall was further obviously surprised when Wilson motioned [the] Senator to a seat by the bed and carried on a brilliant dialogue with him punctuated by jokes and stories." Although the patient had been up during the morning in a wheel chair, he was now propped up in bed with pillows to conserve his strength. He was wearing a dark brown sweater. Dr. Grayson had set no time limit on the discussion. As the two senators seated themselves near the bed, Mrs. Wilson sat on the opposite side, her pencil poised. President Wilson and Senator Fall had opposed each other before as antagonists; they now became protagonists for the next forty minutes.

Fall began conciliatorily enough. "I hope you will consider me sincere—I have been praying for you sir. [And] I hope we will forget any fight [we have had]." Unhappily, Mrs. Wilson's on-the-spot notes, the source of this quotation, do not contain any response from her husband. In her published account she has him replying facetiously, "Which way, Senator?" Or, another more farfetched account reports Wilson as punning, "Pray, don't!" The authenticity of this retort is highly questionable, although it, like Mrs. Wilson's later addition, makes a good story.

Senator Hitchcock remarked in the beginning that he personally had nothing to present to the President, but that he had merely accompanied Fall who wanted to submit some information. For the most part Wilson listened. When he did speak, his articulation was rather "thick," according to what Fall told reporters afterwards. He did have advance information on the Jenkins case and the Fall resolution, however, since Secretary of State Lansing and a Democratic member of the Foreign Relations Committee had written letters to the White House on these subjects just before the conference. But it was Fall who did most of the talking. He spoke at length about the background events requiring the presentation of his resolution in the Senate and the findings of his Mexican affairs subcommittee, all of which, he maintained, necessitated the interview with the President. As he had done when offering

the proposal to sever diplomatic relations with Mexico, he repeated his charges that the Carranza government was attempting to instigate revolutionary activity in the United States.

The most dramatic part of the conference came when Dr. Grayson interrupted Fall's remarks to announce that Secretary Lansing had telephoned asking him to tell them immediately that the State Department had just received the news of Consular Agent Jenkins' release from prison. Fall resumed his discussion, but the freeing of Jenkins by the Carranza government of course relieved the tension in Mexican-American relations which had brought the two senators to the White House. Grayson confided to friends later that "he felt like an actor making a sensational entrance as he broke in upon the deliberations of the President and his visitors."

After Fall concluded, Wilson declared that the Mexican situation was too complicated and serious for him to make any hasty decisions. He promised to consider a memorandum, which the New Mexico senator said he would prepare, elaborating on the information given in the meeting. Then he would send some expression of his views on the Fall resolution, and possibly on the entire Mexican situation, to the Foreign Relations Committee. The President closed the interview by telling his guests a couple of funny stories.

The conference had been a triumph for Wilson. He had played his part perfectly. But it could have been a catastrophe for him. As "Ike" Hoover, the chief usher at the White House, has observed, "They made no effort to cross-examine or inquire about his condition, and he went through it well. Everyone was happy afterwards that nothing more serious had happened."

When the two senators emerged from the White House, reporters crowded around them. The newsmen seemed to be more interested in the long-awaited news of the President's health than they were in the Mexican situation. By a previous agreement with his colleague, Hitchcock made the first statement. He asserted that Wilson looked much better than the last time he had seen him and mentally the sick man was active and alert.

Next the reporters turned to Fall. What would one of Wilson's strongest critics tell the people about the health of their President? Had he seen enough to give the President's opponents the first-



hand evidence they needed to make their movement for replacing Wilson a success? The questioning began:

"Did the President's condition seem to you to be such that he is capable of handling the Mexican situation?"

"Do you mean his mental condition?"

"Yes."

"In my opinion, Mr. Wilson is perfectly capable of handling the situation. He seemed to be in excellent trim, both mentally and physically, for a man who has been in bed for ten weeks. Of course, I am not an expert, but that's how it appeared to me."

For two months the public, Congress, and many top governmental officials had anxiously waited for this news. Fall had just helped to clear up some of the mystery shrouding the President's health. In fact he had even exaggerated in one notable respect. Hitchcock had said that Wilson used both hands freely in picking up and laying down papers on a table near his bed, and also had made occasional stenographic notes during the conference. Fall confirmed this version of their host's dexterity, although it was an obvious overstatement. Wilson's left side, according to his wife, was almost useless at this time. But Fall's statement so pleased the White House medical staff that one of the doctors told the press that there was no need to issue the customary health bulletin. The conference with the "smelling committee" thus dispelled the unfriendly rumors concerning the President's sanity and desperate physical condition and squashed the movement to replace him.

When Fall returned to the Capitol, his colleagues gathered around him just as the reporters had done outside the White House. His frankness about Wilson's health made "a deep impression" on them. This, coupled with the release of Jenkins, caused many of those who had supported the Fall resolution to change their minds. The New Mexico senator maintained, nevertheless, that the freeing of Jenkins did not weaken his case, but instead strengthened it. "It merely proves," he said, "that when we go into this Mexican business intending to get somewhere at whatever cost we get somewhere with little cost." He predicted that the adoption of his proposal would instantly produce a new respect for the United States in Mexico. Because of this convic-



tion, he was going to press his resolution with even more earnestness.

That same afternoon he prepared the memorandum supporting the charges he had made against the Carranza government in the conference with the President. He sent fifteen typewritten pages to the White House that evening. There would be no action on his resolution until Wilson studied this document and responded with his views on the Mexican problem. Three days later Fall received a letter from Wilson which sharply rebuked the Senate for attempting to advise him on foreign affairs. The President informed Fall that he was against the resolution to sever relations with Mexico and reminded the New Mexico senator that, according to the Constitution, the initiative in dealing with foreign nations was assigned to the executive branch. Wilson concluded rather tartly, "I am very much obliged to you for having given me this opportunity to express this opinion."

Within half an hour after the arrival of the letter Senator Lodge announced that the Fall resolution was dead. Mexican-American relations did not improve measurably until the 1920's, but the Jenkins affair, which might have brought a war between the two countries, was for all practical purposes as dead as the Fall resolution.

But the "smelling committee" conference of 1919 had later significance, particularly for two of the persons involved. Like the defeat of the Treaty of Versailles and the other rebuffs Wilson received during his last year in office, this episode helped to make him a deeply embittered man by the time he left the White House. Over a year after the interview, when talking to Secretary of Agriculture David F. Houston about Fall's appointment as Secretary of the Interior in the Harding Cabinet, which was soon to take office, Wilson spoke bitterly of Fall. He recalled that it was the New Mexico senator who had come to his bedchamber as a member of what he then called a "smelling committee" to see if he was mentally sound. He also remembered Fall's comments on prayer.

After the committee had . . . discovered that I was very much all here, the committee turned to leave. [It was at the beginning, according to Mrs. Wilson's notes.] Senator Fall paused a moment and said: "Mr. President, I want you to know that I am praying for you." . . . If I

could have got out of bed, I would have hit the man. Why did he want to put me in bad with the Almighty? He must have known that God would take the opposite view from him on any subject.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels also asserts that Wilson complained to him about Fall's efforts to "queer" him with the Almighty.

If the subcommittee visit embittered Wilson, it also helped to make a martyr of him. There is no doubt that it was poor politics, and that it turned into something of a Republican blunder. The general impression spread that the two senators had more or less forced their way into the ailing President's sickroom. In addition, another rumor gained wide acceptance as fact. It was said that Fall had gone into the White House and brutally pulled back the bedclothing to see for himself about the condition of the stricken Wilson.

For ten years this story was frequently used against Fall and for the purpose of martyring Wilson. The myth became especially significant at a time when Fall's own health was the subject of much speculation. In 1929 at the age of sixty-eight, Fall was being tried in Washington for accepting the \$100,000 bribe in the Teapot Dome Affair while he was Secretary of the Interior. The trial had been delayed because of his severely afflicted respiratory system. "Bent, white-haired and but a shadow of his one-time robust self. . .," he appeared in the courtroom attended by a nurse, a physician, and a Negro footman, who carefully tucked him into a green Morris chair. The next day he suffered a slight hemorrhage during the proceedings and began spitting blood. With some assistance he tottered from the room, apparently about to collapse.

There was talk of calling off the trial. The presiding judge named Dr. Sterling Ruffin, who had been Mrs. Wilson's personal physician and had also been called in during Wilson's illness, to examine Fall and determine the seriousness of his condition. Newspaper reports credited the ailing man's associates as saying that this particular doctor was the only one in the country whom he would not permit to enter his sickroom. His reasons were strictly personal and had nothing to do with Dr. Ruffin's professional qualifications. Consequently other medical examiners were designated to make the investigation of his health. Although these doctors maintained that Fall's life would be endangered if the trial continued, he came to the courtroom, "weak almost to

the point of utter exhaustion," insisting that he wanted the proceedings to continue.

Once again the bedcover-pulling story was used against the ex-senator. Now Dr. Ruffin figured in the account. It was said that Ruffin was attending Wilson at the time of the "smelling committee" conference and had protested against Fall's brusque action. Democratic Senator Thomas J. Heflin of Alabama even stated it as fact on the floor of the Senate during the trial, at the same time accusing the New Mexican of trying to bring about a mistrial with faked illness.

[The] . . . old criminal, Fall . . . walked out of this Chamber down to the White House into the sick room of the stricken President and pulled the covers off of him, gazing on him like he would a stricken animal, a beast. He said around the corridors of the Capitol before he went, "I will be one of three [?] to go down and pull the covers off of him and look at him for myself," and he did it. Dr. Ruffin protested against such action, fearing it might result in the death of President Wilson, but the protest had no effect upon this criminal.

The trial resulted in the conviction of Fall. He was fined \$100,000, and despite his age and fragile health, sentenced to a year in jail. Many people seemed to believe that this was just what he deserved. If he had pulled the bedclothing off the afflicted Wilson, showing him no mercy, why should Fall be shown mercy even though he was old and ill?

No attempt was made during the trial to refute the bedcover-pulling myth, but immediately afterwards Fall's wife secured the help of Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico, and he replied to Senator Heflin's accusations. Cutting proved in the Senate that Fall had not touched Wilson or his bed other than to shake hands with him. He cited a letter from Dr. Ruffin in which the physician said he was not even in the White House at the time of the 1919 conference. Dr. Grayson, Wilson's personal doctor, stated that no such incident had occurred. Former Senator Hitchcock, who had accompanied Fall to see Wilson, also gave Cutting his version of the meeting in a telegram. Hitchcock branded as "absolutely false" the story that his companion had pulled the bedclothing off the President. "His conduct while there was exemplary," the Nebraska ex-senator maintained, and went on to say this erroneous

account had probably started several years before when someone, "speaking figuratively," had referred to Fall's White House visit.

Thus another aspect of the renowned "smelling committee" conference was disclosed. But the whole episode still has importance. It is another reminder of the need for an elaboration and clarification of the vague presidential disability provision in the Constitution. It also emphasizes the necessity for the fullest publicity of a president's illnesses. If another president does not repeat the mistake of withholding information about his health, there will be no need for a new "smelling committee."

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## DEDUCTIONS

By JAMES L. MONTAGUE

I often find dents in the forest floor  
Where deer have slept the day before,  
Like beds with covers just unrolled  
Bent grass and vines retain the mould.

And once I happened on my way  
To flush a doe from where she lay  
And saw the flash and heard the sound  
Of hoofbeats on the leaf-packed ground.

For the knowledge of deer (and I make no claim)  
Both come to just about the same,  
Crude impressions being equally good  
As fleeting glimpse through shady wood.

## Mutt

WILLIAM CORTLANDT SAYRES

We hit the dog a little way out of Detroit. I was going home and the truck I hitched a ride with hit the dog, going over it with the rear right wheel. I saw it go under the fender.

"Guess you missed him," I said.

"No. I got him all right."

The driver was called Burt. He told me that was what he was called when I got on his truck back in Jackson. Burt waited for the traffic to let up and then turned the truck back around and stopped in the driveway of a place with a sign that said it had good food for not much money.

The dog was in the road in front of it and some people were looking through the glass pane at it. Burt got out and I went in the place with him.

"Know whose dog it was?" he asked the girl standing at the pie rack. She was about seventeen. There were only two others there, both girls, but it had looked like more from the outside.

"I don't know," she said. "I've seen him around."

"He used to come sniffing around back," said one of the other girls. She was older, maybe twenty-five. She had black hair and wore a coffee-stained white apron with "Marge" written on it above the pocket. Marge yawned and said indifferently, "You know him, Ruth?"

Ruth was large and had horse-tail hair and looked like a man. She shook her head lazily: "I don't think I've ever seen him before. When did you say he used to come around?"

"All the time."

"Sorry, you couldn't prove it by me."

Burt, the driver, said, "Got a washroom?"

"Out back through the kitchen," Ruth said.

"The door to the right of the stove," said the girl by the pie rack. She had her name written on her apron too. It was faded and I couldn't make it out at first. Burt went out again through

the front door and came back with the dog's collar. He took it with him into the kitchen. The girl covered the name on her apron with her hand and laughed when I looked up at her.

"What's the matter, fella? Can't you make out what it says?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to stare."

She laughed again and looked pretty doing it. "Oh hell, that's all right. Everybody does the same thing. They all look twice at my name here. Take a good look."

She came around the counter and stood close to me. I read the letters F-L-A-C-K.

"Flack," she said cheerfully. "That's what I'm called. I'll bet you never ran across anyone else with a name like that."

"No, I haven't. Is that your real name?"

"No, that's not the name I was brought up with, if that's what you mean. I got it from a fella I used to go with. He was in the air corps. He said I got him all worked up but the best way to treat me was to ignore me. He said that's the way flack made him feel, so he called me Flack."

Ruth came over. "You telling your story again, honey?"

Flack laughed. "It's a good story, so why shouldn't I keep telling it?" Flack turned to me confidentially. "Want coffee or anything, fella?"

"I guess not."

"I just made some fresh."

Ruth nodded. "It's fresh all right. We just made a new batch about fifteen minutes ago. You might as well have a cup. It's on Flack and me."

"It's just that I don't know whether Burt wants to leave right away or not," I said.

"Is that his name—Burt?" Flack said. "You got a good-looking driver. What's yours?"

"Bill."

"You in school or something?"

I nodded. "I'm going to college."

"Ain't that nice," Flack said. "Give the college fella some coffee," she called across to Marge.

Marge took a cup down from the shelf. She brought it over. "You got time," she said, putting it down in front of me. Ruth poured coffee into it from a glass coffeepot.



"Thank you," I said.

Marge pushed over the sugar and poured some cream into a small pitcher and put it down next to the sugar.

"Thank you."

Flack touched my arm. "I got to be running along, honey. Don't let them books make you any more serious-looking." She went out the back way, humming a little.

Marge sat down on the stool next to mine. "Don't mind her," she said. "She's always like that."

"It's all right," I said. "I guess I did look the way she said I did."

"You look kind of sad, that's all. Here's a spoon." She handed me a spoon made of wood with Durol stamped on the handle.

Burt came back wiping his hands on his overalls. "I used your phone," he said.

"That's all right," Marge said.

"I told the paper to print the license-tag number in the lost and found department," Burt said. "Whoever lost him will know."

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee," Marge said.

"Fill it up about half way," Burt said. "We have to be going."

While Marge was getting the coffee, Burt put the collar down on the glass pane counter by the cash register. "We'd better get the dog off the road," he said. "No sense in other cars running over him now."

"I'll help you," I said.

"I'll go too," Marge said. "I've never seen a run-over dog."

"You haven't missed nothing," Ruth said. "I might as well go then. You'll probably faint."

"You know I ain't the fainting kind," Marge said, putting down Burt's cup. "I only fainted just once, when Uncle John told me my mother died, and let me ask you how many mothers a girl has."

Burt opened the door and the girls went out first and I followed Burt to the road. When we got to the dog the girls looked down carefully.

"Geez," Marge said.

"That's the way it goes," Ruth said.

"Look at his mouth," Marge said. "His mouth is open."

The left front paw had been torn off and was lying to the left

of the road center line about five inches from the black-coated form.

"Geez," Marge said, "his leg got torn right off. You really must have hit him."

"He was sort of pretty," Ruth said.

"I'd hate to touch him," Marge said. "I'm all right about most things, but I'd hate to touch him."

I thought I heard Ruth giggle. "He won't hurt you now," she said. "He sure won't hurt you now."

"I don't care," Marge said. "I'd still hate to touch him."

"You'd think you were afraid he'd bite you," Ruth said.

"Dead things give me the willies," Marge said.

Burt said, "You got a broom?"

"Sure, we got one," Ruth said. "You want me to go get it?"

"We'll need it," Burt said. Ruth went back inside.

"Look how his eye is rolled back," Marge said bending over.

"You'd look that way too," Burt said, "if you'd been hit instead of him."

"What a thing to say! I only said—"

"It isn't his fault how he looks."

"But he don't look like he was *ever* alive."

"Maybe," Burt said. "Grab ahold of his tail and lift easy."

"I'll do it," I said.

"I ain't afraid," Marge said.

"I got a feeling the dog would like it a whole lot better if you didn't have anything to do with carrying him off," Burt told her.

"Well, how do you rate, anyhow? It matters a hell of a lot who touches him now, don't it? You got a lot of nerve talking like that to me. And it's only a mutt." Her voice seemed to lose its anger and take on self-pity. "Anyway, he used to fool around our garbage heap, which gives us more right to touch him than you. And don't forget it was you that killed him. You think he'd like being mauled over by the fella that killed him?"

"I don't reckon he bears no grudge," Burt said softly.

"You almost turned the truck over trying to miss him," I said.

Ruth came back with a broom.

"We just got that one," Marge said loudly. "You could of brought the old broom."

Ruth handed it to Burt. Burt gave it back. "Keep it till we get him off the road."

Burt and I bent down and lifted the dog gently. We carried him to the side of the road and put him in the grass and weeds growing there.

"Best we can do," Burt said.

"Here's his paw," Marge said, dropping it into the brush. Burt looked at her.

"Thanks," he said.

"What's the matter?" she said. "You get so excited about a dog."

"I'm not excited," Burt said slowly.

He went over to Ruth. She gave him the broom and he swept off the road where the dog had been. "We just think different," he said.

"Are you going to finish your coffee?" Ruth said.

"All right," Burt said. We went inside and Burt sat down where he was sitting before. I stood near the door looking out. It was starting to fog over across the fields.

"Good coffee," Burt said.

"It's fresh," Ruth said. "You know we just made a fresh batch."

"It's good," Burt said.

The fog was coming in steady. It was moving all the time. You could just see the other side of the road now.

"Hey, look at me," Marge said. When I looked at her she had the dog's collar wrapped around her neck and was fastening the buckle. "Look," she said. "Just what I need."

"Take it off," Burt said.

"Where do you get off telling me what to do?" she snapped. "It's not your dog."

"You take that collar off," Burt said. He was mad.

"I won't take it off. You get all steamed up over a mutt. It's just as much my collar as yours."

Burt walked over to her. "Put it on the counter," he said.

"Maybe I will but that don't give you no call to tell me to."

Burt seemed to be working hard to keep himself under control. He relaxed a little. "I'm sorry. I'm asking, not telling."

"That's better," she said. "Come on back in the kitchen with me." She looked excited.

Burt walked back with her and they went through the kitchen door.

Ruth took away my empty cup. She started to wipe the counter. "You know what?" she said.

"What?" I said looking at the candy and cigars on the shelf by the cash register.

"You know your boy friend very well?"

"I don't know." I felt tired. "I just hitched a ride with him in Jackson."

"Well you better watch out for him. Marge is trying to get her hooks in him."

The kitchen door swung open fast and Burt came out. He came right by me. "Come on," he said, "we're going to take off again."

I went outside with him. We walked to the truck.

"What happened?" I said.

"She got sort of disappointed," he said opening the truck door. He started the motor. It caught loud and Burt rolled down the window . . .

Marge came running out. She stood right in front of the truck and waved her arms. Her face was red.

"She looks kind of mad," I said. Burt put the truck in gear.

Marge was shouting something as Burt backed the truck onto the road. I rolled down the window on my side.

"Mutt!" she was yelling. "Dirty, rotten, no-good mutt! You and your mutt mutt mutt!"

Burt headed the truck around. He drove her slowly.

"MUTT!!" she called. "MUTT MUTT MUTT!!"

There was not much traffic now. The fog was giving way to darkness. Out in the brush off the road a church bell was ringing.

THAT CHRIST MIGHT ANCHOR ME FROM DRIFT  
AND DROWN

By WINSTON WEATHERS

Where no ships tread upon the turbulent sea,  
I stormed upon the width of one white wave  
Between the abyss that is a sailor's tomb  
And ragged cliffs where the last breath clings. From that  
Mean view I yearned to see where no death comes  
But is the shore and shelter in the dark,  
Where waves might wash the wounded into sleep  
Beyond all tempest and the turn of life.

Yet say I saw no succor as I fell  
Into the keep of water and of waste,  
Blind to truth and naked, save for faith  
That Christ might anchor me from drift and drown;  
That I might wait in depths that ache me like  
No love, where no saints swim and every dawn  
Is dim, but where I fall in faith to find,  
(When wind upon the waves has raged to rest)

No sailor sleeps in death alone. For He  
Will plunge upon the rock and reef of sin  
To pace the path of every sailor's loss—  
That when the sea is still, then from the deep  
My flesh might float where no rage is but peace,  
Upon that shape of timbers and of wreck  
That's not unlike some narrow raft of grace  
Or broken mast, slender as a cross.

## The new humanism in education

HAZEL E. BARNES

It would perhaps be more justifiable (though no less futile) if educators instead of fanatically defending or attacking the cult of John Dewey would put the blame for their troubles on Darwin, Freud, and Einstein. For it is the work of these three men which most emphatically separates us from the eighteenth century, a period which we might call the "natural environment" of teachers, the time at which they could be most happy and "adjusted." Pope's *Essay on Man*, one of the best educational treatises from that Golden Age, gives us a notable picture of this lost paradise. Rational man could feel at home in an orderly universe of which he not only *was* but felt himself to be an integral part.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

Everyone's reason was potentially such that he could lead the good life if only he was presented with the requisite facts. The world was wholly comprehensible, and indeed the long awaited revelation had already been made—so that all that remained was the filling in of details. It is only with a somewhat envious irony that we can smile at those other lines of Pope's—sublime in their very ridiculousness—

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:  
God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was Light.

One may still feel that the eighteenth century's confidence and belief in the infinite perfectibility of man make the best faith to live by. Many of us do hold this faith, but we know that it *is* a faith. And that makes all the difference.

"Education," like every other term concerning which there is a problem, may be defined in such a way that it is timeless and equally meaningful for any generation. Thus we may say that education is training for life. We could perhaps even go so far as to say that its ideal aim (no matter what the cultural milieu) is to enable the individual to lead such a life that he and his asso-

humanism

ciates (if they could be provided with perfect knowledge) would agree that from his point of view this was the most deeply satisfying life he could have led and from society's point of view it was the most constructive (which means, of course, deeply satisfying to society). But such a definition, in addition to setting up a criterion which nobody could ever actually apply, is only a restatement of the problem. And the problem becomes important only when put in concrete terms for people living in a certain time and place.

For some historical periods this setting up of the problem was fairly easy. Thus, for example, the problem of educating the medieval man was that of teaching him how to see himself as God's creature—whether through art, music, or theology—and to insure the right kind of future for his immortal soul. For the eighteenth century the goal was to develop man's reason so that in the light of the new science he could "learn to master nature by obeying her" and construct a society of perfectly happy, rational men and women. These two periods, unlike in almost every other respect, are at least similar in this—that they had a set of values which seemed absolute either because they were set by God or because they were "self-evident." But what is *our* problem of education? From the outset we run the risk of being paralyzed with relativity. Darwin gave the death blow to any idea of a fixed human nature, whether good or bad. The human species, it seems, is the result of a long evolution and will, in all probability, either continue to evolve or die out. Einstein has shown us the relativity of time and space. The electron, it appears, is either unpredictable by its very nature or at any rate forever unpredictable for us since our very efforts to determine its course cause it to change. And Freud has not only shown us the impossibility of hoping to guide man by reason alone, but by suggesting unconscious forces within us, he has more than ever rendered us alien to ourselves. Make no mistake about it. The task of a twentieth century philosophy of education is far different from that of two hundred years ago and far more difficult. It is not a matter of learning how to accomplish given aims or even of choosing among several clearly defined sets of values. It is a question of deciding whether or not there are any absolute values or whether the whole idea of value is hopelessly subjective. And if the latter is true, then what are we going to do about it?



Before we can even attempt to work out a philosophy of education, we must look at three sets of facts relating to the predicament of contemporary man.

First of all, we are in a state of transition. The Judaeo-Christian synthesis is no longer a sustaining force in our culture. Yet neither is it wholly a thing of the past, nor has it been replaced by any other synthesis. Now a transition which is in the past always appears as an interesting blend of old and new elements, all stamped with a well-defined orientation toward some new goal. But when one *lives* a transition, it shows itself in three heterogeneous aspects: by vague thrusts toward an undefined future; by sudden violent returns to the past, which one tries to reestablish as absolute; and by strips of no man's land in which one wanders convinced that there is *no* path leading out. Of this despairing or indifferent aimlessness we can see examples in many of our own students and in too much of contemporary literature. It is the attitude that because the older values have been uprooted, the earth must remain forever the Wasteland which Eliot has so well described. The return to the past is typified, of course, by such movements as that led by Billy Graham. But it is the thrusts toward the future which after all chiefly concern us even though we cannot as yet be sure at what they are aimed or which ones will arrive and which prove abortive. The sign indicative of the future synthesis *may* lie in the theory of materialistic totalitarianism or in Norman Vincent Peale's do-it-yourself psychiatry. It could be there in existentialism. But one thing is clear. In a transitional period any fully aware philosophy of education must be prepared to resist regressive tendencies but must not fail to take them into consideration; it must search for new ways of appealing to the disillusioned; and it must remember always that as it chooses to view certain movements as significant, the very choice will cause these movements to be *actually* indicative of the future synthesis.

A second set of facts concerning contemporary man's predicament is that men today are confronting a moral crisis. I refer here to a number of social symptoms so familiar that I hesitate even to speak of them. Yet teachers should not and indeed dare not forget that the responsibility for doing something about them lies primarily with them. I am speaking of such things as the sense of pressure induced by the threat of the atom bomb, and the impos-

sibility of living one's own national way of life without trying to understand the *Zeitgeist* and *Weltanschauung* of other nations, and the necessity of understanding, not merely accepting, the pattern of our own culture and government. Then there is all the data here at home to show that if education aims at the deeply satisfying creative life of an individual in a peaceful, favorable society, then education has failed. The increase of mental breakdown is a sufficiently forceful indication that something is wrong, and I do not think that we can justifiably say that this is entirely the concern of the psychiatrist. But a still stronger indictment against education lies in the increasingly alarming record of juvenile delinquents. How can we shut our eyes to it? Or rather how can we be surprised that it exists?

A great proportion of American children receives absolutely nothing of what could in any significant sense be called ethical training. The average parent assumes that this is the task of either the school or the church. The school will usually not tackle the problem directly because it still tacitly holds to the traditional belief that moral precepts are the outgrowth of religious doctrines, and of course the public school can not teach religion. This already eliminates a great many children, but what happens to those who do go to church schools? Perhaps in a few cases they receive positive teaching in self-understanding and in terms of real problems which they are likely to confront. But the majority are either trained in church doctrine only, or are given largely negative precepts, or are pleasantly entertained with cheerful stories in which the moral is obvious enough but detached from all realistic setting. Worst of all, any elements of sound moral instruction are likely to be so closely connected with church dogma that if the child later rejects the religious teaching, he jettisons the ethical training along with the rest of the cargo. Or perhaps he over-reacts as in the familiar tales of the minister's son gone wrong. In any case if we are conniving in the production of a generation of moral illiterates, how can we wonder that they fail to read the obvious signs of warning?

All of these social aspects could unfortunately be greatly and woefully expanded. Why, for instance, in a nation which has compulsory high school education and really a tremendous number of college graduates, does the population demand—or seem to be

content with—grade school entertainment on television? Why is the intellectual more distrusted than respected? Why in a country which historically prides itself on rugged individualism do we find an increasing demand for mediocre conformity? But such problems are familiar to all of us, and I mention them only to underscore the fact that we cannot with justification say that education as it has been is successful. It simply has not worked.

Finally, as a third point contemporary philosophy of education must accept that there are certain assumptions which it cannot make: (1) It cannot assume that students will necessarily act or live by ideas which rationally they accept. (2) It cannot assume any supernatural or absolute guarantee for any set of values. (3) It cannot assume (though of course it may hope) that the universe is purposeful. (4) It can offer no not-to-be-questioned criterion of certainty. (5) It cannot assume that there is any assurance either in students' minds or in the universe of the existence of God. Individual educators may postulate God's existence, but they cannot assume it. Above all they cannot hope on this basis to appeal in specific terms to students. For in spite of the fact that only twelve per cent of the American people would allow atheists to teach in college, it is very doubtful if for more than a small portion of the remaining eighty-eight per cent, God is anything more than a vague question mark, a shapeless hope that there is somehow somewhere something more than we know about.<sup>1</sup> (6) It cannot assume that any existing view of the universe or of man may be taken as final or regarded as not open to question.

If then we accept this view of our situation, what can a responsible and consistent philosophy of education take as its basic tenets?

First of all, I believe that it might well adopt as its fundamental position a modification of part of Jean-Paul Sartre's philosophy of revolution. Sartre, in an article which he wrote to make clear the differences between Marxism and a political philosophy consistent with his own existentialism, laid down the basic principles to be accepted by the New Revolutionary.<sup>2</sup> First, man is held to be "unjustifiable" and his existence "contingent." By this statement Sartre means that we must give up the idea of any Providence determining the course of human events or any fixed human nature such that we can predict how man will or should behave. Man alone is totally responsible for his destiny, or better yet each in-

dividual man decides what mankind will be—by his own choices as he “makes his life.” If we accept this premise, then obviously we must view any given society as being without any guarantee of its ultimate “rightness” and as capable of being transcended toward another kind of society. Sartre points out in addition that the values of any society are always those which both reflect the social structure and tend to preserve it. Therefore, he concludes, men may always seek to go beyond an existing set of values since the new values are anticipated and even invented by men’s very effort to pass beyond the present social order.

On the basis of these premises Sartre feels that a consistent philosophy of revolution must allow for continual transcendence in the direction of greater freedom and an open future. In the same way education should above all provide continually for a new appraisal of its most basic positions. By now we are used to the fact that the old “laws” of science are at present treated as hypotheses or scientific fictions. We must maintain the same attitude with respect to the humanities and social sciences. Even if we are teaching so-called facts of the past, we are re-creating or even freshly creating the significance of the past.

There is no such thing as a fixed meaning of the past. Meanings reside only in consciousnesses and must be established or re-established by each new generation. Similarly if we are teaching facts of the present or offering evaluative interpretations, we must realize that there is no permanent guarantee of the validity of our teachings. The one honest and most important thing which we can do for our students is to instill in their minds a readiness to welcome new facts and to give a hearing to new ideas even if these involve an upheaval of the *status quo*. In short we should believe and teach that successful adjustment whether personal or social is a series of plateaus and not a mountain peak, that the only absolute knowledge is a dynamic knowledge which is ever in process.

Someone may object at this point that one can’t teach such things to first-graders. Of course we can’t, and of course in this respect as in every other, teaching is gradual. The important thing, however, is that we should not first erect a solid structure which we already know that we are going to tear down later. Put very roughly, our procedure would be something like this: In the lower grades, we teach that “these are the things people believe and do,”

the "rules of the game." Then later, "There has been much disagreement, but these things are generally accepted as valid." Still later, "Here are several possibilities." And finally, "Come and join the rest of us in our exciting (though probably futile) quest for certainty."

The second major requirement of a philosophy of education is that it should be prepared to accept the tension caused by a responsible freedom. The contradictions inherent in the very idea of freedom were brought to a focus in Rousseau's famous pronouncement that we must force people to be free, and recently the existentialists have given the idea new emphasis. For the teacher it amounts to this: If one believes in the determining force of environment, then of course one knows that the teacher's every act and word is important to the pupil's future, whether he takes the teacher's word as something to guide him or something to react against. But similarly if one believes in the absolute freedom of the individual and above all respects that freedom, even so the teacher cannot help influencing the student. For freedom is not exercised in a vacuum. It is meaningless except when there is an obstacle to overcome, and freedom is always "in situation." Thus whatever the teacher may say or do, he is helping to create the situation in terms of which the student will make his free choice. As Sartre puts it, even if we want to give the student's freedom an unlimited range, we are restricting it by the very lack of limits. If we offer him a world of absolute tolerance, we are preventing him from developing qualities which he might develop in an intolerant world. It is recognition of this fact that has caused many to criticize the more relaxed forms of elementary education. Its critics feel that the child is being denied the opportunity of developing intellectual self-discipline and the ability to resist and endure in frustrating situations which he is bound to meet later.

Since then we are certain to influence the students' thinking in any case, what should our procedure be? One possibility is that we should aim at making this influence as little as possible or rather at exerting it in such a way that one influences the student merely to think for himself. But I doubt that this is quite the solution for two reasons. First the teacher who tries to be only an impartial arbiter is not actually going to be so. In spite of himself he will weight the scales on the side which he believes right—either by

a summarizing reformulation of what has been said or by his examples or by his very choice of subjects for discussion—not to mention such things as facial expressions and gestures, which for some reason students often take more interest in interpreting than the clearly spoken word. It is more honest and probably more effective to state plainly where one's own bias lies and then to the best of one's ability present the other side as well. (It goes without saying that I am considering only the conscientious teacher who really wants students to express their own ideas, who will listen to them, and occasionally even be influenced by them.) But in addition to the question of unconscious partiality, we do not, I believe, want to train students to maintain a suspended opinion on everything with the idea that all sides of a question are equally good. Our ideal is not the indecisive adult but the person who will be ready to act by what he believes is true and best without closing his mind to the possibility of a future change of mind. Finally the teacher *should* be able to impart some wisdom to the student beyond what members of the class can find for themselves and beyond what is in the textbook. Otherwise all we need is a master of ceremonies, preferably someone with experience on TV programs.

The teacher then should accept the responsibility of *teaching*. On the one hand, he will, to be sure, emphasize the fact that little if any of our knowledge is absolute, and his aim will be to develop in the student a receptivity for new ideas which will remain after his formal education is over. But at the same time, the teacher will remember that nobody can live entirely by negative beliefs. In science we are well accustomed to acting according to the degree of probability in an hypothesis. The recollection of Newton's inadequacy may make us reluctant to conclude that Einstein has said the final word. But we do not hesitate to acknowledge that the theories of Galileo and Kepler accounted for more empirical facts than that of Ptolemy. We continue to look for new scientific facts or laws, but meanwhile we are not afraid to act by those currently proposed and to derive what profit we can from their practical application.

We should not, I think, feel that we are forbidden such an approach in subjects involving human attitudes, goals, and behaviors. From one point of view every person is unique and isolated. There is at least no detectible pattern from which we can deduce what



human nature ought to be or will be. But men's facticity, their being-in-the-world, is a fact which we all share in common, and on this basis we can attain at least infinite probability in predicting the probable reactions of a person to certain acts performed by others as well as the consequences of *some* of his own acts to himself. It is the teacher's responsibility to maintain a dynamic tension such that he enables the student to profit from positive use of this body of probable knowledge. He must recognize the student's right to think for himself and yet help to develop that thought and prevent it from falling into obvious pitfalls of inconsistency. He must remember that each man must choose the values by which he will live and yet make the students realize the *probable* outcome of a life built around the values under consideration. With full awareness that he may be wrong, he must let the student see what the teacher believes to be the most valid of achieved knowledge. He must teach the student that ideas have consequences and that the consequences are not of equal value—either from the point of view of effectiveness in attaining the goals stated or from that of allowing a further choice of goals as desirable. In short he must teach that at this stage in history certain ideas seem truest and best to live by even though the truest of all ideas is that life is process and that no particular relation between man and the universe is necessarily permanent.

In addition to accepting the responsibilities of total freedom and recognizing the necessity for a self-commitment, a philosophy of education must recognize not only that it must inevitably take into consideration both the rational and the irrational but that for the living person they are inextricably linked. This is true in several ways. First of all, if the aim of reason is to account for all the facts, then certainly it must include irrational behavior and attitudes among its data. If for example, one wants to draw up a rational plan for finding the most satisfactory kind of life for himself, he must weigh the emotional factors involved in producing the satisfaction. If one wants to plan for a perfectly happy society patterned on rational lines, he must take into account the question of how to deal with the irrational reactions of those who are to be the new society's citizens. If the psychologist or philosopher wants to account for all of human behavior, he must include or explain away the data of mystic experience.



Furthermore we find that in any of the traditional defenses of either reason or the irrational, there is always ultimately either implicit or explicit recourse to the opposite of what one is defending. In recent times Santayana has perhaps presented the best case for reason by an open appeal to animal faith. It has been suggested also that we could give extra support to Santayana's position by adding that reason alone meets the logical test of consistency (thus not requiring constant readjustment of all basic positions) and that it meets the pragmatic test by enabling life to be lived with more ease than any other method.<sup>3</sup> But it is recognized that all of these are appeals to the emotions. Faith is a feeling; and if we did not choose to be guided by this feeling, and if we did not *value* consistency, and if we did not *want* to have life conducted smoothly with a minimum of obstacles and forced readjustments, then these arguments would carry no weight. Yet we encounter this same sort of curious reversal if we start at the other end. Suppose that we admit that Nietzsche is right, for example, in saying that ethical systems are but the sign languages of emotion? What then? Even if it is by emotion that we establish our basic goals or values, it is by reason that we have to set up our plans and calculate our chances for attaining these goals. Even more, reason is involved in our comparison of these goals with one another and in the actual evaluation of these various possible goals. For it is by reason as well as emotion that we judge goals as constituting dead ends or, on the contrary, as likely to lead to other possible goals; it is by reason that we calculate the wisdom of earlier choices as ultimately producing what they promised, as to be repeated, to be avoided, etc.

The inextricability of reason and unreason as revealed in such arguments becomes more apparent and easier to understand if we examine more carefully what we mean by the rational and the irrational. Reason is consciousness' perception of those organizations and relations which the brute universe is capable of sustaining, and it is the perception of relations established in human products (language, etc.) such that any human being may recognize them; it is also the will to confine oneself within these limits. The irrational or emotional is consciousness' *personal* relation to the universe. Sartre has shown that we *choose* whether we will live on the rational, deliberative level or on an emotional one.

The choice, of course, is not made once and for all but at each moment renewed (or changed). This basic choice is man's *personal* relation to being—to unconscious matter and to other people as well as to that combination of body and psychic states (present and remembered) which contribute to the making of the self. The individual consciousness must choose whether it *prefers* to live primarily within the sustaining limits of universalizing reason or amidst the evanescent, flickering disconnections with external reality which are produced by the emotions. This is the fundamental paradox of human reality—that by a pre-rational choice it must decide whether or not to accept the responsibility of being rational. Hence the inextricability of the rational and the irrational.

The position of a philosophy of education with regard to reason and emotion is fairly clear. On the more superficial level it will show on rational grounds the inadequacy of purely emotional reactions, the nature of the emotional mechanism, the superiority of the rational life. But in a deeper sense it will seek to appeal to the emotions and to the basic impulses so as to make the individual *desire* and *choose* the rational life. And, of course, the teacher will try to instill an understanding of the inter-relations and consequences of goals emotionally chosen as desirable. This brings us to the last of our basic principles. It is as follows:

The backbone of a new philosophy of education will no longer be mathematics as with Plato and Descartes or physics and biology as with Aristotle or theology as with Aquinas or a scientific sociology as with Comte. But it will be—even when interpreted and guided by philosophers—psychology. But first let me stress one thing. I do not mean by psychology simply the present science called by that name, to be taken as a completed thing. Freud may have been our psychological Galileo. I doubt that he was our Newton. He certainly was not our Einstein. The spectacular progress which psychology has realized in the last century *could* conceivably be the beginning of a human thrust forward as significant as that of writing. But this is only on condition that it be recognized as the crude picture language which it is. Just as Socrates (portrayed by Plato) feared that written philosophy might put an end to free thought, so if the inferiority complex, feeling of insecurity, Oedipus complex, and so on, are taken as

ultimate data and final rubrics for classification, psychology could ensnare and retard us in our first steps forward.

But by saying that the backbone of a philosophy of education must be psychological, I mean that in the light of a continually developing psychology three things must happen: First, the specific discoveries of psychology must be coordinated and interpreted so as to provide for a general theory of man and at least hypothetical normative principles for an ethics. To an extent some of the psychologists are already trying to do this. It has long been recognized that Freud had at least an implicit philosophy. Such psychiatrists as Erich Fromm and Karen Horney are philosophizing more explicitly. But the task is also and perhaps even more specifically that of philosophers insofar as they are interested in education and for all educators insofar as they are philosophers.

In the second place there must be explicit training in self-understanding and fundamental principles of psychology, training to be begun in the first grade, not merely presented as part of an introductory course in psychology on the college level. This requires, of course, a change in teacher-training programs; in particular teachers who are going to be in elementary and high school education not only should study more of pertinent psychology and philosophy but should be specifically trained in how to teach personal and social ethics in terms which will be meaningful to the pupils.

Here, of course, there is a great problem and an horrendous danger. Someone will undoubtedly object that this is precisely what is being done by such psychiatrists as Dr. Crane and such religious leaders as Dr. Peale (and it is, by the way, interesting how much their columns resemble each other). This kind of critic will have no trouble in finding ample evidence that there is room to doubt whether such watered down principles really mean anything, whether in their over-easy optimism, they are not actually dangerous, and whether in the final analysis they are not basically trying to preserve present-day materialistic values rather than point the way to improvement. All this may well be. But I do not think that the teaching for which I am pleading need necessarily follow this same pattern. Moreover even if there is a risk, I think that we must face the danger, not ignore the whole problem. The success of people like Dr. Crane and Dr. Peale shows

that there is an urgent need for what they pretend to offer. We are hardly in a position to criticize them for doing badly something which we are afraid even to attempt.

Finally, the teacher must constantly be aware that teaching is a personal process, the contact of living personalities. Just as the psychiatrist is likely to become the pole to which the patient transfers the disturbed feelings induced by his neurosis, so the teacher is inevitably going to symbolize for the student the material of the course and even in some cases the intellectual pursuit itself. Moreover in every phase of teaching we must remember the nature of what we might call the three-step process of the development of the social self.<sup>4</sup> At a very early age the child inevitably assumes toward himself attitudes which in one way or another reflect the attitudes of others toward him. Later his reaction toward society is going to be influenced by his feelings about himself. This fact will nowhere be more pronounced than in his reactions to the teacher and to the body of social knowledge presented in the classroom. Not only must we recognize that we cannot draw up a pattern into which each teacher must fit his own methods; we must also realize that the teacher cannot hope to appeal to each student by each method. The successful teacher like Plato's orator must continually draw on all of his knowledge of human psychology in general and must employ all of his creative imagination if he is to be aware of his individual listener's reactions to what is being said.

This means that the teacher will be constantly mindful of emotional factors which are likely to be brought into play, no matter how coldly rational the teacher's presentation of "facts" may be. For we are not scratching ideas on a *tabula rasa* or even dealing with detached minds. It is not enough to present the facts, for facts do not speak for themselves. Or if they do, then at least one must learn their language and know how to listen to them. Take, for example, the question of racial and religious prejudice. If all that was necessary were to present the facts, the problem would long since have vanished. But while pertinent statistics presented in the sociology class may help the student who with open mind has deliberately chosen to live his life by a rational appraisal of all evidence, they will not by themselves do much to help the already deeply prejudiced. Racial prejudice is not a matter of mistaken

opinion which may be corrected by newly presented evidence. It is a way of life, the irrational recourse of the person who cannot bear the responsibilities of a free consciousness and must seek some absolute guarantee of his secure superiority.<sup>5</sup> If we want to break down prejudice in our students, we must instill in them the willingness to be individuals, to win their own place in life, to accept a world in which values do not come into existence fastened to people and objects like price tags.

We must, in short, be constantly mindful not only of what material is to be presented to the students but—so far as is possible—of the emotional factors in them which will resist or distort what we are trying to put across. We must be aware of their needs as well as of what we would like to lead them to become. Sometimes there may be a contradiction here. For example, most of us, I believe, feel that there is a dangerous tendency in Americans to settle back into a smug mediocrity and to make everyone else conform. And this we try to resist by shocking our students out of their complacency and showing them the emptiness of what they take for granted, by helping them to see the excitement of living as individuals. Yet particularly among the younger groups, especially but not exclusively among the delinquent, we find boys and girls who so painfully feel their isolation and estrangement from the rest of the society that they form asocial gangs, even use tattoo marks to satisfy their desperate craving to belong. Obviously we cannot effectively educate pupils with this kind of background by preaching the joys of the courageous, isolated consciousness. But again we must adjust to the temper of our individual students. We must somehow make them feel a solidarity with the larger human group without their being so engulfed in it that they lose themselves.

Furthermore, as teachers we cannot afford to forget that our student will be living in a specific society, not in an utopia nor in a vacuum. Our aim, I suppose, is to show him how to cooperate constructively with this society without his losing sight of the fact that society is constantly changing (and should change) and that his actions will be—even in spite of himself—responsible in part for the change which comes. But while we do not want him to effect a smug and stultifying adjustment to the *status quo*, we

will be doing him a disservice if we render him incapable of a happy life in this society.

For example, we might consider one problem seldom discussed in education seminars. We are not—even in college—training people only for professions. Some of our students, even if they would prefer otherwise, will hold jobs in which their intellectual training will play no direct part. Now some of these people will settle back and forget all they did at college—except for the fraternities and the sororities—and that is bad enough. But there is another group who feel that they have failed if they are spending their lives working at a non-intellectual level, that they have somehow not come up to a standard which was expected of them. The reason for this is partly that in the United States the idea of an education has become so closely connected with the idea of training for a vocation that if the ultimate outcome is not achieved, the man or woman feels either that his education was wasted or that he is proved lacking. Another reason, I think, is the usually unconscious snobbery of professors who sometimes (not always, of course) look on any mechanical trade as inferior. The solution lies not merely in trying harder to place the college graduate in a position suited to him, for there simply are not enough such jobs to go around. It does not lie either in giving still more attention to technical training. It lies rather in imbuing the student (and only the teacher can do this) with a sounder view of the purpose of education, that it is not only preparation for a job but the opening up of avenues for creative living and broader experience. If you want to put it on a practical and mundane level, we want to make John Jones feel that his work, whatever it may be, is a social contribution and that his leisure hours are as significant to society and to himself as the time spent on the job and that it is for the constructive, creative use of his free hours that his schooling has prepared him.

In summary then we may say that the central core of a philosophy of education will be psychology in three ways: It will use psychology to formulate a theory of man and to provide a basis for provisional ethics; it will insist that psychological principles be universally taught; and it will make use of psychology in searching for effective ways of appealing to the total personality of the



student so as to make it as easy as possible for him to work out his own destiny in rational terms in a concrete society.

Finally in conclusion I should like to present three ideas as corollaries—so to speak—of what has already been said:

First, a transitional period offers much uncertainty, but it has certain advantages. For one thing, we are less likely to be subject to the temptation of forgetting that intrinsically *all* education is a transition. Furthermore there is the fact that man seems to live by the successive establishments of intellectual and spiritual syntheses. Nobody, I think, would seriously contend that we are well within such a period now. Hence what we do matters. Living within a well-established synthesis is easier than helping to set up a new one, but it is far less interesting. Paradoxically the very uncertainty of things renders the individual choice more significant.

Next the new philosophy of education in its perception of the integral relation of the rational and the irrational will give new importance to myth. Established myths of earlier or more primitive cultures will interest the educator as presenting human problems in varied settings and checking our tendency to equate our own cultural solutions with the intrinsically human. Moreover, we will recognize that for us it may be valid and in fact necessary to live by myths but that we must never forget that they *are* myths. The greatest of these myths will be our faith in man's infinite progress. We will hold it for the truth which it contains, but we will not make the mistake of regarding it as a prediction which will come true regardless of what we do to help or prevent it.

Finally, the most important and perhaps the most difficult task of contemporary education will be to inculcate an attitude of positive acceptance of the idea that man is a project, a process, but not a finished product. Here I want to quote a passage from one of the letters of William James.

I have often thought that the best way to define a man's character would be to seek out the particular mental or moral attitude in which, when it came upon him, he felt himself most deeply and intensely active and alive. At such moments there is a voice inside which speaks and says: "*This is the real me!*" . . . Now as well as I can describe it, this characteristic attitude in me always involves an element of active tension, of holding my own, as it were, and trusting outward things to perform their part so as to make it a full harmony, but without



any guaranty that they will. Make it a guaranty—and the attitude immediately becomes to my consciousness stagnant and stingless. Take away the guaranty, and I feel (provided I am *überhaupt* in vigorous condition) a sort of deep enthusiastic bliss, of bitter willingness to do and suffer anything, which translates itself physically by a kind of stinging pain inside my breast-bone (don't smile at this—it is to me an essential element of the whole thing!), and which, although it is a mere mood or emotion to which I can give no form in words, authenticates itself to me as the deepest principle of all active and theoretic determination which I possess.<sup>6</sup>

That, after all, is the supreme aim of education—to teach students to do without the guarantee and to welcome the challenge.

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>I am making this statement with full awareness that there is at present something in the nature of a religious revival. Articles questioning the lasting value of this rebirth of an old religious attitude or the development of a new one have been appearing—frequently written by religious leaders—in surprising numbers in such widely different periodicals as *The Saturday Review*, *The New Republic*, *Life*, and *Look*. The percentages I have taken from a survey made in 1954 by Samuel A. Stauffer. The results of the survey are reported and discussed in his book *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties* (Doubleday).

<sup>2</sup>Jean-Paul Sartre, "Matérialisme et Révolution," *Les Temps Modernes*, July 1946, pp. 1-39.

<sup>3</sup>George Santayana, *Scepticism and Animal Faith* (Scribners, 1923). See also Gardner Williams, "On our Lack of Certainty as to the Truth of Any and All Propositions," *The Philosophical Review*, Vol. 48, No. 6, pp. 623-637.

<sup>4</sup>For discussion of this point see in general the work of Harry Stack Sullivan and in particular an article by Patrick Mullahy, "Psychiatric and Psychological Contributions to Ethics," *Journal of Philosophy*, Vol. 44, No. 14.

<sup>5</sup>Jean-Paul Sartre has a particularly good discussion along these lines in "Portrait of the Anti-Semite," *Partisan Review*, No. I, 1946.

<sup>6</sup>*Letters of William James*, I, pp. 199-200. This is quoted by Ralph Barton Perry in *The Thought and Character of William James* (Little, Brown, and Company, 1935), Vol. II, p. 699.

## Mr. Haft and Mr. Bayless buy some cows

MAURICE FRINK

The western range cattle industry, cradled in Texas, blossomed into big business on the Great Plains to the northward, in the wake of the Civil War. Subjugation of the Indian and extermination of the buffalo cleared the way for the coming of the cattle. Along the storied trails from Texas, and out of the Northwest where likewise the industry had acquired a prior start, the foundation herds were hurried, to feed and multiply on the new grazing grounds in what would soon become such states as Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, and the Dakotas.

Railroads, building westward, hauled the fattened cattle off to thriving markets in the East and to beef-hungry England. Where the cattle trails intersected the rails, cowtowns mushroomed into transitory and raucous fame, sinking back in the prairie dust as advancing civilization shoved the trails and railheads farther west.

Capital to buy more cattle poured in, from the East and from England and Scotland, where canny investors sniffed the opportunity of quick gain as word of the amazing ranch profits spread around the world. Men who never knew a maverick from a mandamus, as one writer put it, grew suddenly rich on cattle they never saw.

The boom, however, ended in 1886-87, when a tragically severe winter decimated those herds that it did not destroy. The prolonged and vicious blizzard of that year pushed over the brink an industry that was, because of mismanagement and general over-exploitation, already tottering there. But the pioneer cattlemen had accomplished their mission. By their successes and especially by their mistakes, they had shown how a great industry could be, as it soon was, established on an orderly basis with land ownership replacing free use of the public domain; with fenced pastures to protect the herds from the rigors of the open range; with grazing supplemented by feeding; with more attention paid to improvement of breeds and in general with the introduction of scientific

and businesslike methods into what in its beginnings had been an adventurous gamble.

And even in its halcyon days—when the grass was open, free and unfenced, when taxes were negligible and little investment in land or buildings was required—it was not all done on the grand scale. Much of the early history of the cattle industry was written by small companies, by partnerships and by individual operators—little businessmen on horseback, who *did* know a maverick from a mandamus, and who not only saw the cattle they bought and sold but lived and worked among them—dangerously at times. They “kept their calf tally on a shingle” but they knew their way around.

One such operation that scored a success proportionately as pleasing as any was conducted in those pioneering years by two relatively obscure men—James Haft and William H. Bayless—who went inconspicuously about their affairs, asking no favors and taking great risks. Their experience is significant because it was composed of the same basic factors that prevailed at all levels of the industry. It was a microcosm of the early cattle business on the Great Plains. Fortunately, a practically complete record of it has been preserved.

The record exists in a series of letters and reports sent by the active manager in the field, Haft, to his silent and distant partner, Bayless, and in the manuscript memoirs of the latter—all now in the possession of Mr. Fred Rosenstock of Denver. This record shows that this one small venture in the buying and selling of cattle in 1882-83 made a profit of 100 per cent—which was even better than the big ones did.

William Henry Bayless was born March 13, 1829, in Broome County, New York at the town of Conklin, near Binghamton. In his old age he remembered that, as a boy, he saw sheep and cattle, and occasionally hogs, driven overland past his home, en route from the Ohio Valley to New York markets. He earned his first dollar, when he was eighteen, by walking thirty miles and leading home a neighbor's lost cow. As a young man, he helped drive stock from Ohio to New York. Later, when he was twenty-six, and married, he moved with his father to Kansas with a group of Free Soilers, who founded the town of Highland, in Doniphan County. He

squatted on a quarter section, built a house, and went into the business of making brick for buildings being constructed at Indian missions. His wife died, and Bayless in 1860 was off to the Colorado gold fields with a brother and two other men. On this journey, he recorded in his memoirs, he won the only wager he ever made. One of his partners had such faith in the muzzle-loading rifle he carried that he bet he could shoot a duck he saw on the opposite side of the Platte river. Bayless knew the gun would not fire that far, and collected fifty cents, which so troubled his conscience that he "loaned" it to the loser and never let him pay it back.

In Russell Gulch, near Central City, he and the others built a log house to live in while they placer mined for gold. But after a few months Bayless wearied of this and sold his share to his partners, reserving the right to do one more day's mining. On this last day, he took out \$149.00 worth of gold. He returned to Kansas with a group of men all of whom were going home with less money than they had when they went to Colorado. Bayless was "a little ahead."

Back in Kansas, where he married again and settled down to farming, Bayless made his first profit of any size by driving hogs across the Missouri River on the ice to St. Joseph, Missouri. Thence he shipped them to Quincy, Illinois, where they brought "several thousand dollars." The next livestock deal recorded in his memoirs is a loss of \$3,000.00 on cattle. Bayless then concentrated on farming but in 1882 went into cattle again, as a sideline, with James Haft.

Haft, the year before, had sold to Bayless his home in Hiawatha, Kansas, and had gone to Dakota Territory where he had bought a few cattle and a three-fourths interest in a ranch. He was eager to expand the operation. Bayless says he joined Haft in the venture because he knew him as an "energetic man," who had cleared \$25,000.00 on cattle bought in Kansas and driven to Missouri markets. Haft was from Chicago, where he had been a member of the Board of Trade. Bayless, before going into business with Haft, made him promise to do no more "gambling."

The ranch that Haft had bought in Dakota Territory was at the mouth of Box Elder Creek on the Cheyenne River, near Rapid City, in Pennington County, in the western part of what is now

South Dakota. Dakota Territory had been open to general settlement only since the Sioux war of 1876, and by going there Haft was in the forefront of the expansion of cattle raising in that area.

On July 4, 1881, Haft wrote Bayless—ink on the 75-year-old letter is only slightly faded—that he and his wife had “got through to this place verry nicely and have built a House in Town.” He had suffered “a light Sun stroke” while branding cattle, but was otherwise well, and delighted with one of the finest countries he had ever seen, with “a bundance of rain” and “Cattle in good demand but few for sale.”

He continued:

It would do you good to see the quality of the grass we have here I think you would feel as though you would like to use some of it, I will get about 75 percent of Calves this year, I could sell my Cows for \$22 per head but I could not replace them to make any money, all the Texas Steers there is here will go into Indian contracts and not enough of them . . . I can not find any native steers yet that can be bought worth the money and unless they can be bought right it will pay best to let some one else buy them.

In November, 1881, Haft returned temporarily to Kansas. From Hiawatha, on the 12th, using a letterhead of

J. W. POTTENGER  
dealer in

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Chemicals, Spices, Soaps, Fancy Goods, Window Glass, Paints, Oils and Brushes

he wrote Bayless that he thought the best place to buy cattle was Oregon, where yearlings were \$8.50 and cows \$12.00 to \$13.00. Oregon had been a state since 1859. The cattle business had been established in the Northwest before that time and had grown so that Oregon and Washington were in a position by 1880 to help stock the Plains ranges.

“I am of the opinion,” Haft wrote, “that if I form a partnership with anyone, you would suit me as well as any one I could find & I will decide positively by the time I hear from you, do you want me to buy a fourth interest in our Ranch for you?”

Bayless did, and the two men on January 16, 1882, signed

"Articles of Special partnership" providing for their joint "trading in Cattle in the Territory of Dakota and the usual market for stock from that Territory under the firm name & Style of Haft and Bayless." Each partner was to furnish half the money necessary to transact the business. Each was to bear one-half of all expenses, costs and charges. Profits were to be equally divided and losses equally shared. Haft sold to Bayless, for \$187.50, one-half interest in the three-fourths of a ranch. They did not have legal title to the land, but the agreement provided that if title was ever procured it would be conveyed to the partners share and share alike. Haft was to be the active manager, at a salary of \$50.00 a month, binding himself only to "go after & purchase Cattle this first time in inaugurating the Enterprise but he agrees to Superintend the whole business on the ranche now & hereafter."

On January 17, 1882, Bayless paid Haft \$712.50 to be invested in the business. By January 25, Haft was en route to the Northwest by emigrant train via Galconda, Nevada. He was following the common practice of the time, by going afield to hunt for cattle that could be bought cheaply, and driven overland, grazing on free grass along the way, to the home range, there to increase in weight and numbers to the early profit of their owners. During the boom period, many ranchers, in order to build up their herds, went "up the road" to meet the incoming cattle from Texas and bargain for their purchase before others were aware that they were available. Haft chose to go to the Northwest, expecting there to buy at prices 50 percent under what he would have to pay in Dakota and to get better cattle than were available there.

He reached Portland early in February. Many other buyers were searching for cattle as he was, and prices had gone up so that he thought it might be advisable to invest in horses instead. After a few discouraging days, he moved on to Walla Walla, Washington Territory. There he found the outlook "not verry Flattering" because the country had been "overhauled and most of the cattle bought." He was about to purchase a horse and saddle, and ride out to the ranches in "the most out of the way section" he could reach, in the hope of finding a good buy. It would take him a month to get the lay of the country "and the worst feature of all is the heavy expense, it costs 50 cts. a meal in the commonest Hotel and Flour only \$2.00 per CWT."

By February 12 he was beginning to get his feet under him, for on that day, from Pomeroy, W. T., he reported having purchased 375 head, paying \$14.00 for two-year-old heifers, \$15.00 for two-year-old steers and \$8.00 for yearlings. "To get as many as we want," wrote Haft, "I will have to raise the price about a dollar, the cattle are nearly all bought and the country will be nearly drained of cattle this year, I bought 150 head where I did not want them and sold again at a profit." February 17, back in Walla Walla, Haft bought 625 head more, and on February 22 he reported buying an additional 500, but having to pay \$9.00 for yearlings and \$16.00 for two-year-old steers. He wished Bayless to send him enough money to bring his investment up to \$8,000.00; Haft was putting in the same amount.

On March 2 Haft wrote that he had bought 175 head more, which he thought made his total purchase 1,100, though he wasn't sure because he did not have "his book" with him. Actually his separate reports of cattle acquired by this time totaled 1,675, but 500 of these belonged to a third man, named Conrad, a friend of Haft who went to Washington Territory to help drive the cattle the 800 miles to Dakota. A nephew of Haft did likewise, accompanied by a chum, and 100 of the cattle Haft bought in their name.

At no time in his letters did Haft apply the name of a breed to his cattle. He described them only as "verry good in quality and weight, and the cows good breeders." They were, he said, "the best blooded Cattle in this section of the country," and superior to those that Bayless was familiar with in Kansas. Contemporary accounts by other cattlemen speak of the cattle from Oregon and Washington as being of various breeds, including Shorthorn descendants of those driven to the Northwest over the Oregon trail by the Forty-niners. Such cattle were blocky, and rich in color—red, white, and roan.

From Pataha City, W. T., March 6, 1882, Haft described some of his adventures as follows:

When I began buying here a local buyer got the start of me & bought two bunches of Cattle, I saw that I would have to use a little Stratagem and see if I could get the lead, I proposed to sell the only bunch of Cattle I had bought and he bought them and my Horse saddle & bridle



he paid me a profit on them and thought he had the coast clear, I got on the Stage & went down to the next town 3 miles got a livery Horse Struck out 15 miles where I herd there was Some Cattle to sell and bought 600 head, this gent I referred to herd I got off the Stage the next day So he started on my track while he was riding the Country where I had bought I got back here and bot the remainder of the Cattle here which he thought was Safe I have kept him following me and I have got nearly all the Cattle and some of the best in the country. Two years ago there was at least three times as many Cattle as there is at this time here . . . I was unfortunate to get kicked by my horse this morning at the Stable The man did not draw the sinch tight, the saddle slipped, I lit on my feet the Pony kicked just as I lit, was sharp shod, hit me above the knee the bone is fractured but do not think it is broke. Will not be able to ride for a few days but will get everything ready to move when the grass comes.

The grass to sustain the cattle along the way began to appear again in April, along with the coming, as Haft put it, of "the Curlew, a Bird that denotes Spring." By the 23rd, Haft had hired the crew to drive his herd overland to the Dakota range, had bought a chuckwagon and other equipment, had rounded up his animals at Walla Walla and put his brand, a Stirrup, on them, had received \$7,187.50 from Bayless, had talked a tax assessor into letting him off with a \$52.00 assessment for 900 head, had sold some at a profit and bought more to replace them, and had ferried the herd across the Snake River—it was too deep and swift to ford—on the long road home.

Haft wrote Bayless that the trail distance from Walla Walla to the Black Hills of Dakota, on the edge of which lay the home ranch at Box Elder Creek, was 1,250 miles, according to men who had driven it. A modern map shows the air-line distance to be 732 miles, but the trail the cattle drives followed was not a straight line. It had to cross the Coeur d'Alene mountains, but it avoided the most precipitous terrain. It circled the most heavily wooded ground, but had to penetrate many miles of thick brush. It sought the easier crossings of rivers. It traversed lava beds and other long drives between water. The Oregon cattle trail, less famous than the one from Texas, was in many ways more difficult and arduous.

Haft planned his drive so it would reach the mountains about July 1, with the idea that it would then wait there while his cows

dropped their calves and the snow melted in the passes. With the wait, the calves would become strong enough to travel the ten miles a day he expected his herd to make the rest of the way.

He stayed with the trail herd until May 24, spending ten days searching successfully for eighteen of his horses that disappeared one night. The cattle were hard to hold together—they were always difficult to hold after being branded. He lost thirty head, then seventy-five, and decided finally that his foreman was not sufficiently experienced, fired him, and replaced him with a man who soon demonstrated that he "knew his business." Then Haft left the herd and hurried back to the ranch to put up hay, build corrals and a house to live in close to the stock, and otherwise prepare to care for the herd, which he expected to arrive home trail-worn.

In an interim report to Bayless after arriving at the ranch, June 7, Haft wrote that he had lost the book in which he had started keeping records of his buying trip ("I was fortunate not to loose every thing I had from the fact all my pockets were worn out") but that he thought they owned 1,222 head of cattle, for which he had paid \$13,339.50. He had paid \$1,018.50 for horses, and his ferrage across the Snake had cost \$91.50. Including these and the cost of saddles, wagon, and other equipment, he had incurred expenses totaling \$15,947.20. Thus, of the \$16,000.00 put into the business share and share alike by himself and Bayless, he now showed a balance of \$52.80, to which he added \$212.50 profit on cattle sold.

Two added worries faced Haft on his arrival at the home ranch on the Box Elder in Dakota. One was that his young daughter in Rapid City was, he feared, dying of scarlet fever—though she later recovered. The other worry was that a man named Duhamel was feeding 1,200 head of cattle on grass that Haft considered his. Duhamel finally agreed to remove his cattle, but Haft wrote Bayless that he had decided to let Duhamel use the range "till Faul" in order to keep others off.

Throughout the summer, the only news Haft had of the herd grazing its way from Washington Territory was a report from someone who had seen the cattle along the trail or an occasional letter from his friend Conrad, who had stayed with the herd and apparently had assumed command. Conrad wrote of many

troubles on the way. He needed more men and horses; he was running short of money; somebody had "repleved six of your cattle"; brush had to be cut along 80 miles of the way before the cattle could get through; what should he do with the calves dropped along the route—knock them in the head and keep going or let the calves slow down the herd?

Meanwhile, the man who claimed ownership to one-fourth of the ranch on Box Elder sold out to Haft and Bayless, who held the other three-fourths. The seller first asked \$200, then offered to let the land go for \$100 and Haft's watch, and finally took \$75 cash. Haft spent \$100 building a 14x16-foot house on the ranch, with board siding and dirt floor. He contracted for a hundred tons of hay at \$2.00 a ton and built a shack five miles upstream where the hay would be fed.

The Haft-Bayless ranch afforded a grazing area ten miles square. Other cattlemen in the area thought this more land than they should use, and Haft had constantly to protect it "against outsiders." The difficulty in doing this was complicated by the fact that Haft and Bayless had no legal right to the land. Like other cattlemen in the open range days, they were "tenants by sufferance." Occupancy was their sole claim to the land they used. In a letter to Bayless on June 12, 1882, Haft suggested that they borrow money to buy two or three thousand sheep and throw them on their range so that the cattlemen who were encroaching on them "would get disgusted with our company and stay out," but this extreme move was apparently not made.

Haft also worried for fear the cattle would not reach the home range before winter, in which case he thought they had better sell them wherever they were, rather than have them go into winter quarters along the way. On August 1, from Missoula, Montana, he received from Conrad a letter which reflects the hardships encountered. In order to handle the cattle at all, Conrad had been compelled to break the herd up into several "droves." He wrote:

Friend Haft: Your letters of June 27 & July 9 recd at this place containing Draft for \$500.00 contents noted &c &c we had the first and last drove over the mountains Before crossing I went as far as the Summunt & Made up my mind that we could never drive the Cows with Their calves & returned & sold Them at \$4.50 per head separated the

Cows & Made a drove of about 600 head. & started the bal in advance of all other cattle save McCormacks 500 head. the last drove crossed the Missoula Ferry 4 days ago looking in better order than when we left Spokane Bridge it is a Hell of a road Jim to drive over but we made the best drive of all lost only few cattle cant say just how many at present on acct of so many strays from other herds but our loss is small Kepton lost 78 head of his large steers will get most of them I think it is impossible to get men worth a dam Nearly all of the men with the herd when you left quit before crossing Mountains & the bal will leave today or Tomorrow. Jim Stewart left long ago he is a little Son of a Bich. Bill Owenby left when we most needed him & all of the old crew goes soon. Kepton is left without help enough to move his Cattle. I hired 3 Men here last night will go to Camp this Morning the first herd is 30 Mis West waiting for the 2 men to come up I will be up Tomorrow the cattle look first rate but we had a hell of a time we nearly all came Through bearefoot it is terrible on horses. I apprehend no Trouble I intend to hire a full crew & kick out every son of a Bich that has a belly ache will pay them off today & Tomorrow I hardly know what to do. I ought to go ahead & make arrangements for winter & I dont see how I can leave here for 15 or 20 days We should buy from 20 to 30 bulls I understand they can be had near Hellena now for sale here I just got in late last night & have not had time to make much inquiry if You want to buy Some bulls designate some one to buy for you & turn them in I am ready to buy my part at any time by paying off these hands here I am getting more invested in expenses than my share by some considerable I bought 45 head of Horses & then we had to depend largely on private Horses the Expenses from here on will not be so heavy I hope I will be at Hellena in 20 days from now you can address me There etc.

Yours Truly  
S. P. Conrad

For Haft, waiting and working at the ranch, September dragged past without further word. In the middle of October, two men riding past said they had seen the cattle seventy-five miles to the westward and "they looked well to have come so far of course there will be a good many thin Cattle They say there is but few foot sore Cattle which is verry favorable."

By October 30, six months after the start from Washington Territory, the herd finally reached its home range. It was short about a hundred head, and another hundred were thin and trail-worn. Expenses along the way had far exceeded expectations. But the herd was home. "I still think," wrote Haft on October 30, "that we will make 50 percent on the cattle we sell in the spring."

On November 2, he wrote Bayless that "our part of the expenses of the drive is \$3,633.75." A week later he corrected the figure to \$3,501.71, which averages out about \$3.12 a head. Haft paid his hands two dollars a day, and going over the mountains had to have twenty men to handle the herd.

Haft hired three men to help him care for the cattle on the ranch during the winter. On January 24, 1883, he wrote Bayless:

Dear Sir:

I come up from Ranch last week after a load of oats I Started back on Wednesday one week from today it was verry cold when I Started and grew cold fast until the Thermometer went down below zero 37 one of the Coldest days that has ever been in this section of the Country I went 30 miles that day had to walk all the way to keep from freezing and froze all my fingers Ears and nose I got to the Ranch next day the wind had blown some of the Hay off the Stacks the Cattle got a tast of the Hay and broke into the Stacks and were devouring the Hay fast I had to go to hauling poles and making fence until midnight. We have mooved the tent and cook stove up to where we are feeding the thin Cattle 5 miles from the Shanty the Cattle mashed all the fence down around the Stacks that we were feeding off of We put the tent at the Stacks and herd the Cattle away I had to come right back here again and get another Cook Stove to cook on at the Shanty I have one So we will not have to buy. I also have to hire a man to feed the Cattle I took one down with me Some days before the cold Spell but he could not Stand the test of Cold. . . .

Twenty head died in the storm. In February he lost forty-five more. "I am not discouraged," Haft told Bayless. "I know men who drove Cattle in here in the Faul of 1880, lost one-third that winter, and the next crop of calves set them right again. I will stay with the cattle till Spring comes and all Danger is past, but next year I would like to go to some other kind of a Picknick."

By the end of February the cattle were "licking themselves and filling up nicely." Haft was going to build a branding pen. They needed to buy more bulls. Throughout April and May, Haft was trying to find time to get the cattle branded: "The Roundup commences May 15th but will not get to our ranch until near the 1st of June a part of our Cattle are poorly branded and I wanted

to brand them better before the Roundup or what I can collect of them, if we have all branded that we can collect we can hold and brand what we gather in the Roundup with a few men and send some men on north to gather the remainder and make less expense . . . there is about 11 or 1200 head on the Ranch, they are hard to hold on account of its Raining so much."

At the end of June, Haft had 1,445 cattle branded and was still looking for some that he thought had eluded the roundup. On July 5 the total brand was 1,476, and Haft nearly drowned when his horse fell into the Cheyenne River with him: "Broke one rib. Going back to the ranch tomorrow. How does the corn crop look?"

The increase in the herd was greater than Haft had expected. His August 5 tally was 1,508 head of cattle. He decided to ship about 300 and sell the rest later at the ranch.

On September 9, 1883, he started taking 274 of his cattle to market. This meant trail-herding them 150 miles to the railroad at Pierre. Forty-five days elapsed from the start of the herd to market and consummation of their sale at the Chicago Stock Yards. It was October 24 when Haft wrote Bayless, from the Commercial Hotel, Chicago, sending him a bill of sale and an accounting.

He had lost two head somewhere along the way, and one animal was dead on arrival at the stockyards. For the dead one Haft received five dollars. The other 271, totaling 307,460 pounds, or an average of 1,134 pounds each, were sold for four cents a pound, or \$12,298.40. To this sum there was on the bill of sale an unexplained "\$25.00 added," which with the five dollars for the dead critter made the gross proceeds \$12,328.40.

The freight bill was \$1,428.90, the charge for use of the railroad yards was \$68.00, there was an item of \$40.25 for hay fed the cattle en route, and the commission house that handled the transaction collected \$135.50 for its services, making total deductions of \$1,672.65 and leaving net receipts of \$10,655.75. Haft took a hundred dollars of this in cash to get home on, and sent Bayless a draft for the remainder, \$10,555.75.

As nearly as can be determined from the letters which constitute the record of the enterprise, Bayless had invested in the partnership up to this time \$9,500.00, in sums ranging from a few



hundred dollars to one check for \$3,687.50. So with the sale of 271 head in Chicago on October 24 he recovered all he had put in plus \$1,055.75. And he and Haft still had some 1,200 cattle on their ranch in Dakota.

Bayless, in his manuscript memoirs, says they kept most of these for three years and sold them and their increase at a 100 percent profit, "at \$25.00 a head, calves and all, \$50,000.00 for the last bunch sold." The price they paid in Washington Territory in the spring of 1882 for their foundation herd averaged \$10.92 a head; the 271 they sold at Chicago in the fall of 1883 brought them \$39.32 a head.

Haft thought they would have made \$1,000.00 more on the first sale except for the fact that the cattle lost fifty pounds a head on the twelve-day drive to Pierre. Wind and rain delayed them five days at the crossing of the Missouri River. During the wait, the cattle had nothing to eat but brush and "about half enough hay," which Haft bought and hauled to his herd at a high price.

On November 14, 1883, Haft writing Bayless again from Rapid City told him to "rest easy" about their herd going through the next winter, and spoke of the fact that large numbers of cattle had been brought into the Territory, adding: "I presume the parties will have about the same experience we had last winter. I never will take such a risk again. I think very much of a safe business. There is more Solid Comfort in it—and frequently quite as much money."

But he stayed in cattle for three years at least, and there is scattering evidence that he and Bayless were associated to some extent in the business after that, for there is one letter from Haft dated at Rapid City, August 13, 1888. It says:

Friend Bayless

Dr Sir

I have received your letter and Draft for \$2,500.00. I have bought 55 Steers. They are hard to buy, I do not think I will try to do much buying here. How would you like to buy some Texas Steers, they can be bought at Denver Col and delivered here, grass is short in that part of the country. I will buy some on my own account unless you feel inclined to take an interest. If I go into partnership with myself I will have to sell my Bank stock which I do not like to do as it is making



me 22 per cent net. I have wrote to Colorado and will soon get prices on Cattle.

Respectfully &c

JAMES HAFT

By that time, however, Bayless had moved to Arizona, where he bought and for many years operated the Car Link ranch, in the San Pedro Valley, with headquarters first at Sacaton and later at Redington. He died in 1927, aged 98. A granddaughter, Mrs. Kingston J. Smallhouse, lives today on the Car Link ranch, of which her husband is manager. The younger of their two sons is preparing at the University of Arizona for the day when it will be his turn to manage the ranch.

Haft faded out of the picture. Perhaps he found "some other kind of a Picknick" such as he longed for in the winter of 1882-83 when he was struggling to save his herds in a Dakota temperature of 37 below.

The open range days, too, have faded. Cattlemen buy their land now, fence it, use scientific methods, keep books, and pay taxes. The adventures, risks, and perils of frontier times are ended—though there are always new adventures, risks, and perils. Today's cattleman like yesterday's is tried by many fires. He has much in common with such figures of the past as James Haft, trail-herding his cattle over the mountains and out onto the Great Plains to help open a new land by building an industry on it.

(Continued from page 116)

*Review.* Sonnets by Mr. Weathers appeared in *The Colorado Quarterly*, Autumn (1953 and 1954).

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